INTERESTING

ANECDOTES,

MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES,

ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS,

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY,

AND

INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Eſſays, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF A LATE CELEBRATED

PHILOSOPHER and HISTORIAN.

THE late David Hume, Eſq. (the learned and ingenious ſubject of the preſent Anecdote,) lived in the New-Town of Edinburgh; between which and the Old-Town, there is a communication, by means of an elegant bridge over a ſwamp. Deſirous one day to cut his way ſhorter, Mr. Hume took it into his head to paſs over a temporary one, which had been erected for general

 accommodation,

accommodation, till the new one could be compleated. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our Philoſopher found himſelf ſtuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for aſſiſtance, an old woman haſtened to the ſpot from whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue; but perceiving who he was, refuſed giving him any help. "What, (cried ſhe,) are you not Hume the Atheiſt? Oh! no! no! (returned the Philoſopher) I am no Atheiſt: indeed, you miſtake good woman; you do indeed!" "Let me hear then, (returned the other,) if you can ſay your belief."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, *I believe in God, &c.* and finiſhed them with ſo much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Chriſtian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwiſe ſhe would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

THE HOSPITABLE HIBERNIAN.

"CHARITY, for the love of Heaven! to the widow of a ſoldier, who has three little innocents to ſupport. Your honour is a ſoldier yourſelf, and will pity the neceſſities of thoſe whom war has reduced to the loweſt indigence!"

Theſe

Theſe words, though uttered by a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and who poſſeſſed an openneſs of countenance which ſpoke the veracity of her aſſertions, had yet no effect on the heart of a very ſhewy young officer; who, at the time of her application, was alighting from his horſe. Too full of his own importance to attend to the ſituation of people *so immenſely* beneath him, he entered the manſion of his friend, whoſe eſtate he expected ſhortly to marry; for the lady, by means of whom the conveyance was to be made, was by far the leaſt object of his attention.

Fortunately for the pretty mendicant, the captain's ſervant had a *heart* rather more penetrable than his maſter's: in ſhort, if his *head* had been half ſo ſoft, he would have heen the greateſt fool in the univerſe.

Patrick, during the ſhort time requiſite to aſſiſt his diſmounting maſter, had been wonderfully ſtruck with the group before him. One little boy, abaſhed at the ſuperb appearance of the officer, had got behind his mother's apron; from whence he ſhyly peeped at his brother, who imitated the manual exerciſe with a ſtick, which was as much his hobby-horſe in that poſition as any other could convert it to. The youngeſt, a girl, was in the arms of her mother, whoſe beauty ſhe reflected

in miniature, though fatigue and care had conſiderably dulled the once ſparkling eyes of the widow. "And pray good woman," ſays Patrick, "how long have you loſt your huſband? By me ſoul it was fooliſh of him to lave ſo many pretty *craters* behind—"

"Alas!" ſaid Mary, for that was the widow's name, "if you had known my poor William, you would have pitied his fate; little did I think of loſing him ſo ſoon! Had it pleaſed Heaven to have taken me, inſtead of him——"

"I ſhould have pitied him a great deal more!" interrupted Patrick: "but reſt yourſelf a moment in that barn," continued he, "and, when I have put up my horſes, I'll come to you again." Nor did the honeſt fellow delay his intentions; for, having performed his office, he returned to Mary, whom he conducted to the cabin of his father; where, through the intereſt of Patrick, ſhe met a cheerful reception. Though Patrick was amply rewarded by the pleaſure he took in making them all as happy as he could, he yet expreſſed a further wiſh to be acquainted with the widow's ſtory; not ſo much from curioſity, as from a hope of rendering her farther aſſiſtance.

"It is painful," ſaid Mary, "to look back upon

upon misfortunes—mine began with my birth. My mother died ſoon after I was born, and my father when I was very young. An uncle took care of me, and the little property left by my father; which though very ſmall, was ſufficient to make my uncle wiſh it his. With this view, on my being ſeventeen years old, he liſtened to the propoſals of a neighbouring farmer; who, ſpite of my diſlike to *him*, was ſo partial to *me*, that he offered to wave all right to my father's legacy. He was not a young man, and he was very ugly; but, as my uncle was not to marry him, he thought that of no conſequence. One little circumſtance, however, diſconcerted his ſcheme: I was already married to my dear William; who, from being a play-fellow with me, had contracted an affection, which on my ſide was as warmly returned. William aſſured me, that the only way to prevent my uncle's *refuſing* his conſent, would be, *never to ask it*, and, as I had my own reaſons for being of the ſame opinion, we were privately married.

My uncle, upon intimation of this, turned me out of doors, and William called on him next morning to deſire my father's legacy might be ſent after me. My uncle talked a great deal more than William could underſtand, and then called in

a lawyer to explain his meaning, who puzzled poor William ten times more. In ſhort, my uncle had *poſſeſſion*; and, after my huſband had ſpent all his caſh, we were obliged to give up all our hopes; for our lawyer, who told us the more money we ſpent the better it would be, when he found we had no more, accepted a bribe from my uncle, and left us in the lurch. I wondered at it then, but have ſince learnt ſuch things are very common. All the law which we had paid for was now of no uſe: we had two children, and were almoſt ſtarving, when William unluckily took it in his head to go for a ſoldier; he ſaid the war might enable him to make his fortune, and future happineſs would recompence us for a preſent parting. I would have had him turn lawyer, ſince they get money ſo eaſily; but was told it required leſs honeſty, and more cunning, than William's, to thrive in that profeſſion. In ſhort William went, notwithſtanding all I could ſay to the contrary, after prevailing on a few friends to put me in a little ſhop, and bidding me be chearful and induſtrious till his return. For a while I heard frequently from him, and things went well enough; but a report being now prevalent that he was dead, and I receiving no more letters, thoſe friends of William's who had aſſiſted in ſettling me at his departure, began to talk of wanting their own, and told

me what a pity it was I had offended my uncle to marry a vagabond.

I had nothing to do but to hear them patiently, and cry when they were gone: but at length, my hopes being quite extinguiſhed, for I had ſtill thoughts my poor William might be alive, I fell ſick; and my creditors employing that very lawyer who had before done us ſo much harm, he ſeized on my ſhop, and as he ſaid it would be cruel to ſend me to gaol, I was once more turned out of doors, & my little ones—the youngeſt born ſince William's departure—with their mother, left to the mercy of the wide world. I had heard Billy's regiment was in Ireland; and a kind-hearted ſeafaring gentleman offering me a paſſage, I thought it better to ſeek news of him myſelf than to write; and, if I failed, it would be no worſe ſtarving among ſtrangers than with friends who had twice uſed me ſo cruelly. When we landed the maſter gave me a little money to aſſiſt me on the road. My former illneſs, however, returning on the way, I was obliged to ſtop till I was better in my health, but ſo poor in pocket, that yeſterday I laid out my laſt halfpenny in bread for my children; and, for their ſakes, was I obliged to-day to aſk that charity you now beſtow on me. I am ſure you will loſe nothing by it; for the parſon

who

who married William and I, and who to my ſorrow died ſoon after, for he taught me a great deal, and was a very good friend, uſed to ſay, that whoever is made the inſtrument by which the Almighty pleaſes to do us good, will never want that kindneſs which he is permitted to render to others."

"And I don't know a greater kindneſs any body could do me," returned Patrick, "than to ſet me within reach of a friend or two, or an uncle, or a lawyer that you have been juſt mentioning, may I never ſee ſweet Billy Shannan again, if I would not"—

A loud knock at the cabin door prevented Patrick from giving farther vent to the over-flow of honeſt indignation which roſe in his breaſt. It was night, and a heavy ſtorm of hail rattled againſt the window; a voice from without demanded ſhelter.

Patrick half opened the door; and was requeſted by a genteel young man on horſeback to permit himſelf and ſervant to alight there, as they had loſt ther way "To be ſure I will!" ſays Patrick; "ſtep in, your honour, I'll help your man to put the poor beaſts in a good ſtable, and perhaps procure you a better birth than this poor cabin affords."—"I deſire no better," replied the gentleman,

man, "but if you can houſe my horſes, do; for they have been rode hard to-day." Patrick anſwered with a bow, and ſet off with the ſervant and horſes to the great houſe hard by, where he knew he might rely on his maſter's intereſt to fulfil his own promiſe: for though the captain would not relieve a poor woman and three children, the diſtreſs of a man of faſhion was quite another affair.

Patrick's father, in the mean time, did the honours of his little cabin; the gentleman eat brown bread; drank home-brewed beer; kiſſed all the children; and, gueſſing at their mother's ſituation, forced her acceptance of a guinea. The tears of gratitude were yet in her eye, when Patrick and the ſervant returned. On the entrance of the latter, who before had ſtaid without. Mary fainted. —It was her William!—he flew to her—the gentleman was aſtoniſhed, and Patrick whiſtled an Iriſh jig. An eclairciſſement ſpeedily took place. William had been taken priſoner, in company with his preſent maſter, whoſe life he had preſerved; his maſter was exchanged, on condition of not bearing arms in the preſent war: he had therefore procured William's releaſe and diſcharge; taken him into his ſervice; and the veſſel in which they were returning having been driven on the Iriſh coaſt they quitted her, took horſes, and went to

ſome nearer conveyance for England, when William, inwardly vexed at the ſuppoſed protraction of his abſence from Mary, was conducted by providence, unexpectedly, to her arms!

His maſter, on hearing the ſtory, liberally rewarded the kindneſs of honeſt Patrick; and, having conveyed William and Mary to his own eſtate where he comfortably ſettled them in a farm, is it hard to ſay whether he *felt*, or *diſpenſed*, more pleaſure, in at once performing an act of generoſity, and diſcharging a debt of gratitude.

ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady in a church in America, happened to be in the ſame pew; during the ſermon the youth read ſomething in the eyes of the fair one, which made a deeper impreſſion on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love is ſeldom without an expedient, he preſented her with the following verſes, from the ſecond epiſtle of John, "And now I beſeech thee, lady, not as I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

After

After peruſal, ſhe in anſwer opened to the 1ſt chapter of Ruth, verſe 16.

" And Ruth ſaid, entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for whither thou goeſt I will go, and where thou lodgeſt I will lodge, thy people ſhall be my people, and thy God my God."

REFLECTIONS

ON

SCEPTICISM and INFIDELITY.

TO thoſe who are perſuaded of the truth of Chriſtianity, the increaſe of ſcepticiſm and infidelity muſt ever be a lamentable conſideration. When men poſſeſſed of talents which, properly directed, might do honour to themſelves, and benefit to their country, uſe all their abilities to deſtroy the moſt ſacred principles of religion, it may be truly ſaid, that ſuch learning, and gifts ſo employed, are a curſe to the poſſeſſor, and a misfortune to mankind. It is, however, a conſolation to the religious mind, that when the miſt of ignorance is diſpelled, truth muſt appear in its genuine

colour; and cannot fail to convince and engage the heart. Thus the theological writings of a Boyle, a Newton, and a Locke, will be the admiration of good men to the lateſt ages; while thoſe of a Voltaire, a Hume, and a Gibbon, will ſink into merited obloquy, if not oblivion. A contempt and ridicule of things relating to religion is, I am ſorry to obſerve, too prevalent among the youth of this age; much of which ariſes from a miſtaken notion, that religious and civil freedom are incompatable with each other, and that religion has been the cauſe of oppreſſion in moſt parts of the world. Under the cloak of religion, that many impoſitions, and much oppreſſion, have been exerciſed in all ages, no man can deny; but, to attribute to religion what has been occaſioned by the abuſe of it in evil men, is certainly unjuſt, and evinces too much unconcern about things which are of the greateſt moment. So far from religion's being acceſſary to ſlavery, I will venture to affirm, that ſlavery cannot exiſt in a country where the genuine principles of religion are underſtood and practiſed by the inhabitants. At a time when moſt men profeſs themſelves champions for liberty, let it not be imagined that ſetting aſide religion, as a farce and endeavouring to deſtroy a belief of the ſoul's immortality, will give freedom and peace to mankind.

There

There is no greater evil can befal us than this fruitful ſource of every calamity. What is man, deprived of the glorious hope of immortality!

What can we expect, from thoſe who wiſh to annihilate this ineſtimable part of our faith; and even rejoice in a horrid endeavour to perſuade themſelves that there is no God! Let the youth of Britain beware how they imbibe ſuch miſerable philoſophy as this; for the progreſs of ſcepticiſm and infidelity, when once they have gained admiſſion to the heart, is inſenſibly rapid. Beware, leſt under the diſguiſe of enlarged thought, and freedom of mind, this poiſon ſhould find entrance! Take from man the belief of God and eternity, he is worſe than a beaſt. Immortality is one of the moſt ennobling conſiderations to the human mind. When we conſider that we have ſpirits which may be happy in the enjoyment of a bliſsful eternity, it gives energy to every pious thought and reſolution; and when, on the other hand, we reflect that the ſoul may be juſtly ſentenced to ſuffer for iniquity, it will enable us, with the aſſiſtance of divine grace, to reſiſt temptation. In whatever light we view immortality, it is conducive to our happineſs, and the good of ſociety. A man, who can once perſuade himſelf, that there is neither a God, nor hereafter, will

ſtop

ſtop at nothing; but, on the ſmalleſt diſappointment in life, put an end to his exiſtence. It is the conſideration of immortality, which enables the chriſtian to bear, with a fortitude philoſophy cannot give, the worſt calamites of life; being fully aſſured, that a juſt God will deal righteouſly. What can we think of a man, who tells us that he has thrown off the ſhackles of religion, and means to follow the light of nature, deſtitute of Revelation! deluded mortal! if he obeys the light of nature, that will point him to nature's God. The Sun, as he runs his daily round; the Moon, as ſhe ſucceeds the Sun, with every Star that adorns the firmament, are—

"For ever ſinging, as they ſhine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

I hope the riſing generation will treat with contempt ſuch vain philoſophy; ever holding faſt the belief of a God, and of his divine Revelation, which is productive of happineſs and of rational liberty to man; whereas the diſbelief of theſe ſacred truths is attended with the moſt fatal conſequences in time and eternity.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF FRANCIS PASQUAL.

FRANCIS PASQUAL, an Italian Friar knowing from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monaſtic life required ſome little amuſements to render it ſupportable, the firſt thing he ſet about was, to find a miſtreſs. He made love to a lady of eaſy virtue, who ſoon admitted his addreſſes, but, at the ſame time, informed him, that he had a very formidable rival, who was as jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death, ſhould he diſcover the intrigue. This was no other than a life-guardman, a fellow of ſix feet two inches, with a vaſt *ſpada*, like that of Goliath, and a monſtrous pair of curled whiſkers, that would have caſt a damp on the heart of any man but Francis Paſqual. But the monaſtic life had not yet enervated him: he was accuſtomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties. However, as, in his preſent character, he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it beſt only to make uſe of prudence and ſtratagem to ſupplant him: theſe are the eccleſiaſtical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military. The lady promiſed

promiſcd him an interview as ſoon as the court ſhould go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the king of Naples. Paſqual waited with impatience for ſome time. At laſt the wiſhed-for night arrived: the King ſet off, after the opera, with all his guards. Paſqual flew like lightning to the arms of his miſtreſs: the preliminaries were ſoon ſettled, and the happy lovers had juſt fallen aſleep, when they were ſuddenly alarmed by a rap, and a well known voice at the door. The lady ſtarted up in an agony of deſpair, aſſuring Paſqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover, and if ſome expedient was not fallen upon, in the firſt tranſports of his fury he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection: the life-guard-man demanded entrance in the moſt peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to inſtant compliance. Paſqual had juſt time to gather his rags together, and cram himſelf in below the bed. At that inſtant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms, and ſtorming at his miſtreſs, for having made him wait ſo long. However, ſhe ſoon pacified him. He then ordered her to ſtrike a light, that he might ſee to undreſs. This ſtruck Paſqual to the ſoul and he gave himſelf up for loſt: however, the lady's addreſs ſaved him, when he leaſt expected it: in bringing

bringing the tinder, ſhe took care to let fall ſome water into the box; and all the beating ſhe and her lover could beat, they could not produce one ſpark. Every ſtroke of the flint ſounded in Paſqual's ear like his death-knell; but, when he heard the life-guard man ſwearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive ſome hopes, and bleſſed the fertile invention of a woman. The lady told him he might eaſily get a light at the guard, which was no great diſtance. Paſqual's heart leaped with joy; but when the ſoldier anſwered that he was abſent without leave, and durſt not be ſeen, it began again to flag; and, on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himſelf in greater danger than ever. The lady herſelf was confounded; but, quickly recovering ſhe told him, it would be too long before ſhe could get dreſſed: but adviſed him to go to the corner of a neighbouring ſtreet, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it. Paſqual revived; but the ſoldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undreſs in the dark: he at the ſame time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of *liqueurs* he knew ſtood there. Paſqual ſhook like a Quaker: however, ſtill he eſcaped. The lady, obſerving what he was about, made a ſpring,

and got him the bottle at the very inſtant he was within an inch of ſeizing Paſqual's head. The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, ſhe would warm his place for him. Paſqual admired her addreſs, and began to conceive ſome hopes of eſcaping. His ſituation was the moſt irkſome in the world; the bed was ſo low that he had no room to move; and, when the great heavy life-guard man entered it, he found himſelf ſqueezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and ſtifling his breath for ſome time, but found it abſolutely impoſſible to ſupport his ſituation till morning; and, indeed, if he had, his clothes, which were ſcattered about, muſt infallibly have diſcovered him. He therefore began to think of making his eſcape; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At firſt, he thought of ruſhing ſuddenly out, and throwing himſelf into the ſtreet: but this he diſdained; and, on ſecond thoughts, determined to ſeize the life-guard-man's ſword, and either to put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himſelf and the lady.

In the midſt of theſe reflections, his rival began to ſnore, and Paſqual declared, that no muſic was ever ſo grateful to his ſoul. He tried to ſtir a little,

little, and, finding that it did not awake the enemy, he, by degrees, worked himſelf entirely out of his priſon. He immediately laid hold of the great *ſpada;* when all his fears forſook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquiſhed the daſtardly ſcheme of eſcaping, and only thought how he could beſt retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him ſuffer. As Paſqual was ſtark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the ſoldier's cloathes than his own; and, as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth a ſixpence, he thought it moſt eligible to equip himſef *á la militaire*, and to leave his ſacerdotal robes to the ſoldier. In a ſhort time he was dreſſed *cap-á-pié.* His greaſy cowl, his cloak, his ſandals, his roſary, his rope of diſcipline, he gathered together, and placed a chair before the bed; and girded himſelf with a great buff-belt, inſtead of the *cordon* of St. Francis, and graſping his truſty *toledo* inſtead of the crucifix, he ſallied forth into the ſtreet. He pondered for ſome time what ſcheme to fall upon; and, at firſt, thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretended to have been ſent by the officer in queſt of his companion, who, not being found in his quarters, was ſuppoſed to have deſerted; and thus, after have made him pay heartily for all he had ſuffered below the bed, to

leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant ſuit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not ſatisfied with this revenge, and determined on one ſtill more ſolid. He went to the guard, and, told the officer, that he had met a Capuchin Friar, with all the enſigns of his ſanctity about him, ſculking through the ſtreets in the dead of the night, when they pretend to be employed in prayers for the ſin of mankind; that his curioſity promped him to follow him; that, as he expected, the holy Friar went ſtrait to the houſe of a celebrated courtezan; that he ſaw him admitted, and liſtened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that, if he did not find the information to be true, he would reſign himſelf his priſoner, and ſubmit to whatever puniſhment he thought proper. The officer and his guard, delighted to have ſuch a hold of a Capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of ſanctity, and who revile in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military), turned with utmoſt alacrity, and, under the conduct of Paſqual, ſoon ſurrounded the lady's houſe. Paſqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy ſoldier, waking with the noiſe, and not doubting that it was a detachment ſent to ſeize him, gave himſelf up to deſpair, and inſtantly took ſhelter in the

very

very place that Paſqual had ſo lately occupied; at the ſame time laying hold of the things he found on the chair, never doubting but that they were his own cloathes.

As the lady was ſomewhat dilatory in opening the door, Paſqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew; and, entering with the officer and his guard, he demanded the body of a Capuchin friar, who, they were informed, lodged with her that night. As the lady had heard Paſqual go out, and had no ſuſpicion that he would inform againſt himſelf, ſhe proteſted her innocence in the moſt ſolemn manner, taking all the Saints to witneſs that ſhe knew no ſuch perſon; but Paſqual, ſuſpecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and ſoon pulled out his own greaſy cowl and cloak. 'Here,' ſaid he to the officers, 'here are proofs enough, I'll anſwer for it, Signor 'Padre himſelf is at no great diſtance:' and putting his noſe below the bed, 'Fogh!' ſays he, 'I ſmell him; he ſtinks like a fox. The ſureſt way of finding a Capuchin is by the noſe; you may wind him a mile off.' Then lowering their lantern, they beheld the unfortunate lover ſqueezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almoſt ſtifled. 'Ee-co lo!' ſaid Paſqual; here he is, with all the enſigns of his holineſs:' and, pulling them

out

out one after another, the crucifix, the roſary, and the cord of diſcipline, 'You may, ſee, ſays he, 'that Reverend Father came here to do penance:' 'and taking up the cord, 'Suppoſe now we ſhould 'aſſiſt him in the meritorious work. '*Andiamo*, '*Signor Padre, Andiamo.* We will ſave you the 'trouble of inflicting it yourſelf; and whether you 'came here to ſin, or to repent, by your own max-'ims, you know, a little ſound diſcipline is always 'healthful to the ſoul.' The guard were lying round the bed in convulſions of laughter; and began breaking the moſt galling, and moſt inſolent jokes upon the ſuppoſed *Padre.* The life-guard-man abſolutely thought himſelf enchanted. He at laſt ventured to ſpeak; and declared they were all in a miſtake; that he was no Capuchin. Upon which, the laugh redoubled, and the coarſeſt jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the beſt diſſembled marks of fear and aſtoniſhment, ran about the room, exclaimed: "*Oime Siamo Perduti, Siamo incantati, Siamo insorcelati.*" Paſqual, delighted to ſee his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him: he therefore pretended regimental buſineſs, and, regreting that he was obliged to go to Portici, took his leave of

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the officer and his guard; at the ſame time, recommended, by all means, to treat the Holy Father with all that reverence and reſpect that was due to ſo ſacred a perſon.

The life-guard-man when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but obſerved nothing but the greaſy weeds of a Capuchin Friar, he was perfectly convinced that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences to the power of ſome demon; (for of all mortals the Neapolitan ſoldiers are the moſt ſuperſtitious.) The lady, too, acted her part ſo well, that he had no longer doubt of it. "Thus it is," ſaid he in a penitential voice, "to offend heaven! I own my "ſin. I knew it was friday, and yet, Oh, fleſh, "fleſh! had it been any other day, I ſtill ſhould "have been what I was. Oh, St. Januario! I paſſed "thee too without paying thee due reſpect: thy all "ſeeing eye, has found me out. Gentleman, do "with me what you pleaſe: I am not what I ſeem "to be."—'No, no,' ſaid the Officer, 'we are 'ſenſible of that. But come, Signor Padre, on 'with your garments, and march: we have no 'time to trifle. Here, Corporal,' giving him the 'cordon, tie his hands, and let him feel the weight 'of St. Francis: the Saint owes him that, for hav-'ing ſo impudently denied him for his maſter.' The poor ſoldier was perfectly paſſive: they arrayed

rayed him in the ſandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Francis Paſqual, and put the great roſary about his neck; and a moſt woeful figure he made. The Officer made him look in the glaſs, to try if he could recollect himſelf; and aſked, If he was a Capuchin now or not? He was ſhocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekneſs and reſignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and aſked him every ſtroke, if he knew his maſter now? In the mean time, Paſqual was ſnug in his convent, enjoying the ſecret of his adventure.

He had a ſpare cloak and cowl, and was ſoon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capuchins, but at a great diſtance from his own, reſerving only to himſelf a trifle of money which he found in the breeches-pocket, juſt to indemnify himſelf for the loſs of his cloak and cowl; and even this, he ſaid, he ſhould have held ſacred, but he knew whoever ſhould find the cloak, would certainly make lawful prize of it. The poor ſoldier remained next day a ſpectacle of ridicule to all the world. At laſt his companions heard of his ſtrange metamorphoſis,

phoſis, and came in troops to ſee him. Their jokes were ſtill more galling than thoſe of the guard; but, as he thought himſelf under the finger of God, or at leaſt of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekneſs and patience; at laſt his clothes were found, and he was ſet at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the Devil, ſent to chaſtiſe him for his ſin; and has never ſeen his miſtreſs on a friday, nor paſſed the ſtatute of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer.

ON THE

IMPROVEMENT of TIME.

THE power of looking forward into futurity, though it is the diſtinguiſhing mark of reaſon, yet, if miſapplied, or miſuſed, will ſerve only to flatter the imagination, miſlead the mind into a mazy track of errors, and embitter the few comforts of life. It is a misfortune incident to all men, more eſpecially to people of volatile diſpoſitions, that they know not how to enjoy the preſent hour. The mind of man is perpetually planning out ſchemes of future happineſs, and contemplating diſtant proſpects of pleaſure, which

he flatters himſelf he is one day to poſſeſs, inſtead of endeavouring to enjoy the preſent with ſolid ſatisfaction. This diſpoſition of mind makes us live in a continual ſtate of expectation; for when we have gained any thing which we have long wiſhed for, when the tardy revolution of time has brought to us what we have long impatiently expected, we ſoon grow cool with poſſeſſion, and look with indifference upon that which ſo lately engaged our attention, and was the ſole object of our hopes. Like children we long for a bauble: no ſooner have got it, but we are tired, and long for another. More pleaſed with the gratification of our wayward humours than with the poſſeſſing of the thing we wanted, new objects new pleaſures, then ſtrike our imaginations: theſe we purſue with the ſame earneſtneſs; theſe we long for with the ſame impatience, and poſſeſs them with the ſame diſappointment and diſſatisfaction.

One would be inclined to imagine that ſo many fruitleſs endeavours, and ſo many repeated diſappointments, would effectually cure us of indulging our minds in the fond expectation of future felicity; that we ſhould at laſt be prevailed upon to ſit down contented in our reſpective ſtations, to enjoy the bleſſings that are ſet before us, and to make the moſt of that only portion of time

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which we can with any certainty call our own: yet ſuch is our nature, that in ſpite of the moſt convincing demonſtrations of the folly of building upon futurity, though we ſee people unexpectedly ſink into the grave, who were engaged in the ſame eager purſuits with ourſelves, we ſtill continue to perſevere in the deluſion.

This diſpoſition in the human mind, to leave what it has, or *the things which are behind*, as the Apoſtle phraſes it, to preſs forward to what is before, has no doubt its uſe in the conſtitution of man; and was, as every thing elſe, ordained with wiſdom by the Great Creator, to lead him on to further and further improvement in the ſearch of greater and greater perfection and happineſs. But this, like all our faculties or diſpoſitions, muſt be regulated and guided by reaſon, to produce the intended effects. And was this to be the caſe, he would learn from this diſpoſition in him, to reflect that he is deſigned for higher and higher improvement and happineſs, and beyond what he can attain to in this world, and conſequently direct his thoughts to ſome future ſtate of being. Would every man, inſtead of indulging vain and uncertain expectations, inſtead of forming romantic ſchemes of viſionary happineſs, employ his thoughts and the faculties of his mind in ſtudying how he

may beſt improve the preſent hour, he would find ſolid advantages reſulting from his conduct and be enabled to caſt a retroſpective eye upon paſt life with pleaſure and ſelf-ſatisfaction. Happineſs, as much as our nature will admit of, is in every man's power to obtain: it does not require a great genius, or eminent abilities to render life agreeable. This muſt be aſcribed as well to their utter negligence of inattention to the duties of religion and chriſtianity, as to the volatility of their diſpoſitions, and uncommon vigour of imagination and fancy, which make them conſtantly languiſh after novelties, and as conſtantly leave their wiſhes unſatisfied and diſappointed.

But it is our intereſt, as well as our duty, to ſeize on the preſent opportunity of improving our time to the beſt advantage, while it is yet in our power, conſidering that it flies from us every moment, and is never to return again for a ſecond trial of our obedience. When we ſtand on the brink of the grave, we ſee things as they really are, without any maſk or falſe colouring. At that awful period, power will have loſt its ſtrength to protect, riches their value to relieve, knowledge its voice to inſtruct, pleaſures their charms to allure; ſo that the power which was not before exerted to defend the helpleſs, the wealth which never

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fed the poor, the knowledge which never perſuaded to virtue, and the time ſpent in vicious pleaſures, were wretchedly employed, and, at the gloomy hour of death, can neither give hope, peace or comfort.—How ſweet on the other hand, is the reflection of thoſe whoſe time has been employed to good purpoſe, according to their capacities and ſtations in the world! How happy is the proſpect of the great, whoſe power defended the oppreſſed; of the rich, whoſe wealth relieved the indigent, and raiſed merit from diſtreſs; of the learned, whoſe knowledge diffuſed a love of virtue and piety; and of every perſon who did all the good, and prevented all the evil in their power! Their time and talents were wiſely employed, and the reflection on it will give them pleaſure at this awful period, and their hopes will aſcend to an happy immortality beyond the grave.

ROYAL

ROYAL PRUDENCE.

HENRY the Fifth, King of England, while he was Prince of Wales by his looſe and diſſolute conduct, was daily giving his father great cauſe of pain and uneaſineſs. His court was the receptacle of libertines, debauchees, buffoons, paraſites, and all the other ſpecies of vermin which are at once the diſgrace and ruin of young princes. The wild pranks and riotous exploits of the prince and his companions were the common topics of converſation. This degeneracy in the heir of the crown was not more diſagreeable to the king himſelf, who loved him with a moſt tender affection, than it was alarming to the nation in general, who trembled at the proſpect of being one day governed by a prince of his character. But their fears were happily removed; for no ſooner had the young king aſſumed the reins of government, than he ſhewed himſelf to be extremely worthy of the high ſtation to which he was advanced. He called together the diſſolute companions of his youth; acquainted them with his intended reformation; adviſed them to imitate his good examples; and after having forbid them to appear in his preſence for the future, if they continued in their old courſes, he diſmiſſed them with

with liberal preſents. He choſe a new council, compoſed of the wiſeſt and beſt men in the kingdom: he reformed the benches, by diſcarding the ignorant and corrupt judges, and ſupplying their places with perſons of courage, knowledge, and integrity. Even the chief juſtice Gaſcoigne, who had committed young Henry to priſon, and who, on that account, trembled to approach the royal preſence, was received with the utmoſt cordiality and friendſhip; and, inſtead of being reproached for his paſt conduct, was warmly exhorted to preſevere in the ſame ſtrict and impartial execution of the laws. When the archbiſhop of Canterbury applied to him for permiſſion to impeach a great man, for holding opinions contrary to the eſtabliſhed religion, he told him, he was averſe to ſuch ſanguinary methods of converſion; that reaſon and argument were the proper weapons for defending and maintaining the truth: and that the moſt gentle means ought, in the firſt place, to be employed, in order to reclaim men from their errors.

In a word, he ſeemed determined to bury all party diſtinctions in eternal oblivion, and to approve himſelf the common father and protector of all his ſubjects, without exception. Even before his father's death, he ſeems to have been ſen-

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ſible of the folly and impropriety of his conduct, and determined to reform: for his father being naturally of a jealous and ſuſpicious diſpoſition, liſtened to the ſuggeſtions of ſome of his courtiers, who inſinuated that his ſon had an evil deſign upon his crown and authority.

Theſe inſinuations filled his breaſt with the moſt anxious fears and apprehenſions, and perhaps he might have had recourſe to very diſagreeable expedients, in order to prevent the imaginary danger, had not his ſuſpicions been removed by the prudent conduct of the young prince. He was no ſooner informed of his father's jealouſy, than he repaired to court, and throwing himſelf on his knees accoſted the king in the following terms:

"I underſtand, my Liege, that you ſuſpect me of entertaining deſigns againſt your crown and perſon. I own I have been guilty of many exceſſes, which have juſtly expoſed me to your diſpleaſure: but I take heaven to witneſs, that I never harboured a ſingle thought inconſiſtent with that duty and veneration which I owe to your majeſty. Thoſe who charge me with ſuch criminal intentions only want to diſturb the tranquillity of your reign, and to alienate your affections from your ſon and ſucceſſor. I have therefore taken the liberty to come into your preſence, and humbly

bly beg you will cauſe my conduct to be examined with as much rigour and ſeverity as that of the meaneſt of your ſubjects; and if I be found guilty, I will cheerfully ſubmit to any puniſhment you ſhall think proper to inflict. This ſcrutiny, I demand, not only for the ſatisfaction of your majeſty, but likewiſe for the vindication of my own character."

The king was ſo highly ſatisfied with this prudent and ingenuous addreſs, that he embraced him with great tenderneſs, acknowledging that his ſuſpicions were entirely removed, and that for the future he would never harbour a thought prejudicial to his loyalty and honour.

PORTRAIT
OF
JOHN, EARL GRANVILLE.

COMMANDING beauty, ſmooth'd by chearful grace,
Sat on the open features of his face:
Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, ſtrong.—
And ſcience flow'd ſpontaneous from his tongue.
A genius, ſeizing ſyſtems, ſlighting rules,

And void of gall, with boundleſs ſcorn of fools.
Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
And Bacchus ſprinkled fuel on the brand.
His wiſh—to counſel monarchs, or controul;
His means—th' impetuous ardour of his ſoul:
For, while his views outſhipt a mortal's ſpan,
Nor prudence drew, nor craft purſu'd the plan.
Swift fell the ſcaffold of his airy pride,
But, ſlightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide,
Unhurt, undaunted, undiſturb'd he fell,
Cou'd laugh the ſame, and the ſame ſtories tell:
And more a ſage than he, who bad await
His revels, till his conqueſts were compleat,
Our jovial ſtateſmen either ſail unfurl'd,
And drank his bottle, though he miſs'd the world!

THE COMPETITORS.

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Barclay, a merchant of conſiderable eminence in the city of Briſtol, becoming unexpectedly entitled to a very large fortune, by the death of a diſtant relation without iſſue, reſigned his commercial concerns to his eldeſt ſon, and retired with the reſt of his family from the fatigue

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of buſineſs, to enjoy the ſerene and tranquil harmony of retirement.

The eſtates to which he had ſucceeded were ſituated in that part of the county of Norfolk which borders on the ſea. The ſituation, though ſomewhat recluſe, contained ſeveral families of ſocial diſpoſition and independent fortune, and it had the advantage of being near a market-town. The manſion-houſe was ſeated on an elevated ſpot; the view from which, though not very extenſive, was truly pictureſque and beautiful. The plantations and pleaſure-grounds were laid out with great taſte and judgment. The park was well ſtocked with deer; and the river, which meandered ſlowly through it, contained fiſh of various kinds; while the gardens afforded the choiceſt fruits that art and nature could produce. In ſuch an earthly paradiſe, could its owner feel any other ſenſations than thoſe of joy? He was, indeed, truly happy; and it is but a tribute due to his worth, to add, that he deſerved the felicity he poſſeſſed.

His mind and even temper, his urbanity of manners, and his hoſpitable diſpoſition, could only be equalled by the greatneſs of his mind, and that ineffable contempt which he manifeſted for every thing that bore not a reſemblance to juſtice and

virtue. To the cries of the needy he ever lent a willing ear; and his benevolence adminiſtered to the wants and neceſſities of the induſtrious poor. "Why has heaven bleſſed me with wealth," he would aſk when ſome diſtreſſing object met his enquiring eye, "but that I may diſtribute it among thoſe who are the offspring of diſtreſs, and who largely quaff off the bitter cup of wretchedneſs?" It was his conſtant employment to look out for thoſe who were perſecuted by fortune; and to chear dejected worth, by removing the appearance of want, and inſpiring the minds of thoſe whom his bounty bleſſed, with fortitude to ſtruggle with adverſity; and teaching them to look for eaſe and comfort to Him who hears not with diſregard the petitions of the virtuous. Thus did he endear himſelf, by acts of benevolence and hoſpitality, to the ſurrounding peaſantry; and he had the peculiar felicity of being beloved by all who knew him.

Mrs. Barclay, whom he had choſen rather for her amiable diſpoſition, than for any luſtre which her birth reflected, or recommendation of fortune, was a plain, notable woman; whoſe greateſt pride was, to ſee her children the fineſt in the neighbourhood, and render her huſband happy. It is true that ſhe had her humours; and where ſhall we find

a woman

a woman without them? The ſea is not always calm and unruffled; nor does the wind conſtantly preſerve its gentleneſs. Mrs. Barclay, however, was a good ſort of a woman; and, if ſhe had her faults, her virtues were by far the more numerous.

Of their offspring, conſiſting of ſix children, four were of very tender years. The eldeſt ſon, it has been obſerved, ſucceeded to the avocation of his father, and reſided at Briſtol. The eldeſt of thoſe who remained with their parents was a lovely girl, of great beauty, ſweetneſs of temper, and accompliſhed manners. The opening roſe, ſurcharged with the dew of morning, could not vie in freſhneſs with the bloom which nature had ſpread on the cheeks of Laura. The luſtre of her eyes, in colour more beautiful than æther, excelled in brightneſs the lucid dew-drop. Her voice was melody itſelf; and her form diſplayed ſuch matchleſs ſymmetry and grace, as raiſed in the minds of her beholders the involuntary emotions of wonder and admiration.

Laura had now reached her eighteenth year, when the family were introduced to the acquaintance of Lorenzo; a young nobleman, who had juſt taken poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate; which was ſituated in the neighbourhood of Mr. Barclay. His lordſhip, who affected urbanity of mind, and held

held out the appearance of hoſpitality, had honoured every family of reſpectability in the vicinity of his manſion with a perſonal viſit; and, having meditated a fete, iſſued cards of invitation to all on whom he had called. This invitation was generally accepted; but his lordſhip felt himſelf extremely hurt, to find that it had been rejected by a man who appeared to him the moſt inſignificant character in the place; though the terms of that rejection were ſuch as would not have given offence to any other perſon than Lorenzo, whoſe vanity led him to believe, that every man was honoured by the notice which he deigned to pay him.

The ſentiments which the enlightened mind of the youthful Edwin had imbibed, formed a wide contraſt to the principles and maxims which flattery's fawning voice had implanted in that of the imperious Lorenzo. The fortunes of each were equally in the ſcale of oppoſition; and hence we may trace the cauſe of Edwin's declining to accept the invitation of his lordſhip. The annual income of Edwin, including the produce to the commiſſion which he bore in his majeſty's navy, did not exceed three hundred pounds, while that of his lordſhip amounted to nearly thirty thouſand. Yet, with this ſmall income, barely ſufficient to maintain

maintain the appearance of a gentleman, and a ſiſter dependent on him for ſupport, Edwin was, perhaps, the moſt independent character in the kingdom, and would never prevail on himſelf to accept a favour, where he was precluded the poſſibility of a return.

Lorenzo, from his infancy, had been accuſtomed to purſue his inclinations without reſtraint; and was ill able to combat diſappointment, however immaterial in its nature, and however harmleſs its tendency. If the rude, untutored finger of accident, but approached him, his temper became inſtantly ruffled; and the object that occaſioned his uneaſineſs never met forgiveneſs from his haughty and revengeful temper.

Such was the man, and ſuch the character, that aſpired to the love of the fair Laura! the marked attention, and ſtudied reſpect which he paid her, were too obvious to be miſtaken; and, while they pained the boſom of the child, they diffuſed into the mind of the parent ſenſations of pleaſure and delight.

"I was always of opinion," ſaid the fond mother, while her eyes ſhone with a conſcious pleaſure, "that Laura would marry a great man. Faith, girl, thou art one of Fortune's favourites, to have ſuch a man for a lover!"

"Does

"Does wealth, then, my dear mother," ſaid Laura, in a trembling voice, "enſure felicity in the marriage ſtate? Are the appendages of greatneſs neceſſary auxiliaries in the attainment of happineſs? I have often heard my father ſay, that he made choice of you, not for your wealth, not for your beauty, or high deſcent, but for thoſe moſt valuable and laſting poſſeſſions, an amiable temper, a diſpoſition to pleaſe, and an anxious deſire to improve his intereſt, and promote his happineſs."

"And he who, in the choice of a wife, is actuated by different motives," ſaid Mr. Barclay, "runs great hazard of being miſerable for life; and who can pity ſuch an one, if he flies, while ſeeking happineſs, into the arms of miſery?"

All this is very true," ſaid Mrs. Barclay; "it is very good. But tell me, is it not beſt, when we have determined on marrying, to let our intereſt and our affection go hand in hand?"

"I agree," replied Mr. Barclay, "that much blame is attached to the conduct of him who marries wholly for love; yet I will contend, that he ought not to be put in competition with the wretch who ſacrifices every tender thought, and tramples on every ſocial tie, to acquire wealth, while he hates the object from whom he derives it. I hope,"

continued

continued he, " my Laura has not ſo far loſt ſight of the leſſon of prudence and juſtice which ſhe has been taught, to barter her peace for the toys of greatneſs, or the baubles of wealth."

" No, Sir," anſwered Laura; " the precepts which I have embibed from your paternal care, are indelibly ſtamped on my memory. No power, but death, can efface them; and as you have aſſured me that you will not force me to give my hand to any one, however elevated his rank, or however great his fortune, who poſſeſſes not an intereſt in my heart, neither will I become the wife of him who merits not the approbation of my parents. As for Lorenzo," contiuued ſhe, " his demeanour is ſuch as might lead me to conclude, without expoſing myſelf to the charge of vanity, he honoured me with a nearer eſteem than friendſhip: but, I aſſure you that, whatever may be his lordſhip's thought on this ſubject, he has hitherto preſerved a perfect ſilence; and I am free to confeſs, that ſhould he at this moment avow himſelf my lover, and offer me his hand, I ſhould feel no uneaſineſs from declining the honour of his alliance.

Theſe ſentiments of Mr. Barclay and his daughter, which were truly conſiſtent, rational, and praiſe worthy, would not eaſily admit of oppoſi-

tion; at leaſt, it muſt have been a very ſkilful and ingenious caſuiſt, that could have furniſhed arguments in favour of principles and doctrines of a different complection. This ſkill, and this ingenuity, Mrs. Barclay was not poſſeſſed of; and agreeable to her wonted cuſtom of never diſputing the opinions of her family any longer than ſhe could find argument in her own favour, ſhe dropped the ſubject; if not under the conviction of error, at leaſt under that of being unable to ſay any thing more.

The liberal indulgence which Mr. Barclay gave to his daughter, and his determination not to violate her inclination in the important article of marriage, removed from her mind each painful thought, each anxious fear, which the attention of Lorenzo had given birth to.

The modeſt virtues of the graceful Edwin had made an impreſſion on the heart of Laura, which the united efforts of birth and fortune in the perſon of the noble peer had failed to excite. The ſiſter of Edwin the gentle Emily, not leſs in beauty rich than Laura, and fraught with equal goodneſs, was become her conſtant companion in her rural walks. A kindred virtue glowed in either breaſt, and united them in the ſocial bonds of amity. Edwin perceived the riſing flame, and ſought its improvement. Scarcely

Scarcely a day paſſed, without theſe friends ſeeing each other; and, while Edwin was buſily employed in cultivating the harmony that prevailed between them, he inſenſibly became a ſlave to that paſſion which has been known to ſubdue the moſt obdurate heart. The beauty of Laura had impreſſed his boſom with unuſual ſenſations; her vivacity, good ſenſe, and poliſhed converſation, made her ſociety amiable; and the moments which deprived him of that enjoyment were become painful and tormenting.

He who was once ſo gay and chearful, was now thoughtful and melancholy. The amuſements which were wont to engage his attention, no longer poſſeſſed the power to pleaſe. He was reſtleſs impatient, penſive, and ſad: his cheeks became pale and languid; his eyes no longer ſparkled with joy; and the harmony of his voice was immured in ſilence, or tuned to ſtrains of woe.

The humble diſtance which fortune had thrown him from the object of his affections, the dependent ſituation of a ſiſter whom he tenderly loved, and the natural timidity, ſuppreſſed the mention of his love, and doomed him to a painful ſilence. The anxious ſolicitudes of his dear Emily, and her fond endeavours to remove the cloud that

hnng on his dejected brow, and drained from his cheeks the bloom of health, were vain and ineffectual. The tear of anguiſh rolled from his hollow eye, the ſigh of wretchedneſs forced it's painful paſſage from his breaſt, and hope fled the tortured mind. In preſence of Miſs Barclay only his countenance aſſumed the ſmile of chearfulneſs; but his natural timidity, in theſe moments, reſtrained the licence of his tongue, and rendered him more thoughtful than communicative.

In one of Laura's viſits to Emily, while engaged with her friend in deviſing ſome new arrangement of dreſs, the love lorn Edwin gazed in ſilence on the object of his affections; and, ſuddenly riſing from his ſeat, ſtriking his hand on his forehead, he exclaimed—"Good God! is it then impoſſible?" The ladies ſtarted at the exclamation; and Emily, haſtening to her brother—"What, my dear Edwin, has diſturbed you thus! What is it you complain of as impoſſible?"

He attempted to ſpeak, but his voice faltered; and he ruſhed precipitately out of the room. Emily burſt into tears; and the aſtoniſhed Laura ſtrove to ſoothe the diſtreſs of her friend.

"What, my dear Emily, has befallen your brother, that makes him ſo uneaſy? He was wont to

be

be gay and chearful; he is now the prey of ſullen melancholy. Tell me, to what are we to attribute this ſad reverſe of temper."

"I know not," ſobbed out the weeping Emily; "nor can I learn the cauſe of his uneaſineſs. Some latent grief preys on his mind, impairs his health, and renders life burthenſome, and ſeemingly inſupportable!"

"Have you never importuned him to impart the cauſe which produces his uneaſineſs?"

"Oh, yes! but he is deaf to my entreaties, or ſeems not to hear my unwearied importunities. Sometimes he ſits whole hours immured in gloomy ſilence, ſave when the care-expreſſive ſigh eſcapes his boſom, or the half-formed ſentence trembles on his tongue. Sometimes he paces the lawn with quick, uncertain ſtep, rapt in ſtudious contemplation; then ſudden ſtops, bends on the vacant air his diſordered eye, and holds diſcourſe with the wind."

"And has he dropped no word, no unguarded expreſſion that may lead you to diſcover the ſource from whence this fatal change ariſes."

"It is love, my Laura, hopeleſs love, that thus deſtroys his peace! It is this that has overwhelmed his

his happineſs, and given him up a prey to miſery and deſpair."

"Know you the object of his affections?" enquired Laura, with an eagerneſs that betrayed her fear, while the bluſh of ſoft confuſion mantled on her cheek.

"Oh, no! replied Emily," but I fear that her ſituation is too high for hope to reach.

"Or too remote," ſaid Laura, "for his alliance.

"If the humbleſt cottage girl," returned Emily, "had engaged his affections, and he found her deſerving, his independent ſpirit would ſpurn the thought that whiſpered the meanneſs of her birth; and, in preference to wealth or rank, he would take her to his arms."

"Why then," aſked Laura, "ſhould he, whoſe liberal mind eſteems the virtuous child of poverty, be awed into ſilence by greatneſs? Is he not a gentleman? Does he not derive his deſcent from one of the moſt ancient and honourable families of the kingdom? methinks," continued ſhe with a ſmile, and taking Emily by the hand, "the partiality of your brother would reflect honour on any woman, however diſtinguiſhed by the gifts of fortune!"

Emily was about to reply to the encomium of her friend, when the return of Edwin interrupted her. He had thrown aſide his melancholy; the ſmile of chearfulneſs re-animated his countenance, and reſtored the luſtre of his eyes. He apologized to Miſs Barclay for his abſence of mind; and intreated her to attribute it to a too thoughtful diſpoſition, which oftentimes, he ſaid, made him forgetful of the rules of politeneſs, and gave his conduct an air of rudeneſs, of which, he hoped, ſhe would believe him otherwiſe incapable.

"This abſence of mind," ſaid he, "is owing to the want of employment: the evil, however is in a fair way of being remedied. This letter continued he, drawing one from his pocket, "which I have this inſtant received by expreſs, informs me of a rupture that has broken out between the court of Verſailles and that of London; and both nations are preparing for a vigorous war. My noble friend and patron, the Earl of Delware, has obtained for me the command of a frigate; and it is neceſſary I ſhould haſten to the Admiralty, to receive my appointment."

During this narration, the fair Laura ſtood pale and trembling; and Emily, at the concluſion, again burſt into tears. Edwin employed his utmoſt

moſt endeavours to tranquillize her mind, and reconcile her to the ſeparation. Laura, in the mean time, endeavoured to compoſe herſelf, and to ſmother the concern which this information had given her. In ſpite of her efforts, however, a tear ſtole from her eye; and the ſigh of regret, impatient of reſtraint, burſt the barrier of confinement. Her whole appearance betrayed the diſtreſs ſhe felt at the event, which was to divide her from the man in whom her hopes, her wiſhes, and her love were centred.

Edwin's attention to his ſiſter prevented him from perceiving the diſorder; and, if he had diſcerned it, he would not have applied her behaviour to any other cauſe than that of affection for himſelf; ſo little of that perſonal vanity did he poſſeſs, which marks his conduct, and forms the leading features, in the deportment of our modern men of faſhion. As ſoon as Emily had in ſome meaſure regained her compoſure, her friend propoſed returning home. Emily found herſelf too weak for walking; and, as the day was faſt cloſing, ſhe permitted Edwin to attend her.

The road to the houſe of Mr. Barclay lay through ſome pleaſant corn-fields, and commanded a fine view of the ſurrounding country. A wide extent of water bounded the proſpect to the north;

the

the ſurface of which was covered with a large fleet of colliers, bound to the port of London. A gentle gale filled the ſails of the veſſels; the ſailors were ſeen from the ſhore climbing the ſhrouds, and walking on the deck; the ſight was grand and majeſtic; of which thoſe who never beheld the ſea, nor ſaw the ſtately veſſel ſcud before the breeze, can form no adequate conception.

To the eyes of Laura this ſcene was become familiar; but the pleaſure which ſhe derived from its contemplation, was not in the leaſt impaired by the frequency of its concurrence. At the preſent moment, however, ſhe experienced very painful ſenſations from the thought that Edwin would ſhortly be expoſed to the dangers of the capricious ocean, and involved in all the gloomy perils attendant on ſavage, ruthleſs war.

A few ſhort ſentences on ſubjects foreign to that which occupied the minds of the love-ſtricken pair, ſerved to beguile the tedious moments that conducted them to the manſion of Mr. Barclay. The manner in which that gentleman invariably received the viſits of Edwin, was marked by a politeneſs highly gratifying and pleaſing; and, while it evinced the high ſenſe he entertained of his merits, it alſo diſcovered an anxious deſire of cultivating his acquaintance.

Of that conſcious pleaſure which beamed in the countenance of Edwin at the moment he received the letter of his noble friend, and which was increaſed by the flattering, though futile idea it inſpired, of loſing by abſence the hopeleſs paſſion which preyed with increaſing anguiſh on his heart, no traces remained; it was tranſitory, and died with the moment of its birth. Reflection brought to his mind a thouſand fearful, melancholy thoughts, all clamorous to be heard, yet unheeded all. His looks again depicted the anguiſh of his mind; nor could the ſoothing voice of friendſhip diſſipate the ſorrow that deprived his ſoul of peace.

Mr. Barclay ſaw too plainly, that the mind of his young friend cheriſhed ſome uneaſy thought, and ventured to enquire the nature of it.

"I have juſt received a letter," ſaid he, "from a friend; from which I learn that a war between this country and France is inevitable. I have already received inſtructions to attend the Lords of the Admiralty, to receive the command of a veſſel deſtined to act againſt the enemy, and ſhall in a few days ſet out for that purpoſe. This, however, ſo far from giving me uneaſineſs, affords me much pleaſure. My care ariſes from the ſituation

in which I leave my ſiſter. In me ſhe will loſe a brother, a guardian, a protector. Where ſhall I find a friend in whom theſe characters are united? and, without ſuch a one, how pitiable the ſtate of a female, where youth and beauty are expoſed to the reſtleſs tongue of ſlander, the no leſs inſidious attacks of the licentious admirer, and the diſguſting familiarity of the trifling and unmeaning coxcomb!"

"And has not Edwin ſuch a friend!" aſked Mr. Barclay. "Does he eſteem thoſe with whom he aſſociates incapable of the manly ſentiments of amity? does he hold them ſtrangers to the ſocial ties of virtue? believes he that the generous ſigh of ſympathy, which compaſſionates the ſufferings of another, never warmed their boſoms?—Or, does he think them friends only in appearance, diſdainful of the relative duties of chriſtianity? What, then, am I?" continued Mr. Barclay. "Either you eſteem me one of thoſe unfeeling monſters I have deſcribed, or you meditate an inſult.—I am offended, young man!"

"Then I am unfortunate, indeed!" ſaid Edwin; "for of all mankind, I would moſt avoid offence to you: and, if I heſitated in ſoliciting your protection for my Emily, it was not that I doubted your honour, or that I ſuſpected the ſincerity,

of your friendſhip, but from an unwillingneſs to increaſe the obligations I already owe to your goodneſs.

"I credit the aſſertion," returned Mr. Barclay, and readily forgive the unintended injury. And now, my Edwin, diſmiſs all uneaſy thoughts for Emily's welfare. While you in the blood-ſtained paths of war are defending the rights and liberties of your country, be it my taſk to protect your ſiſter from danger, under whatſoever form it may approach her. She ſhall be the companion of Laura; and the care with which I guard her peace, ſhall watch over that of the gentle Emily.

Edwin replied, by taking Mr. Barclay's hand in both his own, and preſſing it with ſilent gratitude. His feelings were too great for utterance. Mr. Barclay caught the ſoft emotion; and the eyes of Laura, who was elated with the propoſition of her father, were ſuffuſed with the tears of ſympathy and joy.

A ſolemn pauſe enſued; but it was a ſilence that impreſſed the heart more forcibly than could the moſt pointed eloquence; and conveyed to the mind ſenſation of ineffable delight.

Every arrangement having been made for the departure of Edwin, Emily removed, on the morning

morning he had appointed to leave the village, to the houſe of Mr. Barclay; her brother having diſpoſed of his own, with the furniture, on leaſe, to a gentleman who had juſt arrived from the Indies, and who had been looking about for a tempory reſidence in this neighbourhood.

This interview was ſolemn and affecting. Emily was ſad and dejected; the fair Laura's countenance depicted no inconſiderable ſhare of anxiety; and even the good Mr. Barclay and his amiable ſpouſe were out of ſpirits. Edwin was probably the moſt lively of the groupe; but their was an air of melancholy in his manners and addreſs, that was viſible through the chearfulneſs which he aſſumed.

After the uſual compliments had paſſed, little was ſaid by any of the party, who all ſeemed inclined to indulge a thoughtful ſilence.

Some few minutes before his departure, while the chaiſe was waiting at the door, Edwin retired with Mr. Barclay into a private room; and delivered to him his will, which his attorney, under his directions, had prepared, and which he had that morning executed. He had left his ſiſter his little fortune; and appointed Mr. Barclay his executor, and guardian of Emily while ſhe ſhould

remain

remain ſingle. He alſo delivered a power of attorney to Mr. Barclay, enabling him to receive the rents of his eſtates, till the period of his return; out of which he had ſet apart an annual ſum for her preſent ſupport. Duplicates of theſe inſtruments he had already depoſited in the hands of Emily. Thus did the generous Edwin ſecure an independency to his ſiſter; thus did he diſcharge the important duties of a father, the brother, and the friend!"

The moſt painful taſk yet remained—to bid the ſorrowing Emily adieu. She had retired with Laura to indulge her tears. With trembling ſteps he ſought the weeping maid, whom he found ſeated, with her friend, in an alcove at the extremity of the garden. He caught her in his arms, ſtrained her to his weeping breaſt, and kiſſed from her cheek the tears of ſadneſs.

"Chear up my dear Emily!" ſaid he; "forget the preſent moment; and, with the piercing eye of hope, trace in the womb of futurity approaching ſcenes of laſting bliſs. We ſoon, my love, ſhall meet again."

"I hope ſo, my dear brother! ſaid Emily leaning on his neck, and kiſſing his cheek." "But, methinks, Edwin, you look paler than uſual!—

Oh!

Oh! it is this ſecret grief, which preys upon your mind, that pains me worſe than parting with you. Would you but diſcloſe this fatal cauſe that—"

"No more, my Emily," interrupted Edwin, "your tender fears paint to your ſtrong imagination things that have no being, ſave in the deluſive eye of fancy. I have no cauſe of grief. No undiſcovered ſorrow lodges in my heart: all there is tranquil—all ſerene. Come, come, dry up your tears, forget this ſtrange phantaſm, and let this kiſs ſay—"Farewel!"

He then tore himſelf from her embraces; and was hurrying towards the houſe, when the voice of Laura arreſted his ſteps. "And will you not, Edwin, bid me farewel!" aſked the lovely girl, her eyes ſuffuſed with tears.

"Excuſe Miſs Barclay, my forgetfulneſs," ſaid Edwin. "My ſiſter's uneaſineſs, to which my preſence but gives increaſe, had driven all other objects from my thoughts."

Laura roſe from her ſeat as Edwin approached; and, in drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, to wipe away her tears, let fall a locket, Edwin advanced; and, taking it up, preſented it to her.

"It is a trifle, Sir," ſaid ſhe; "and, if you think

think it worth accepting; it will ſometimes ſerve to remind you of a friend."

Edwin looked at the gift; it was the miniature of Laura, richly ſet in brilliants. A ſmile of joy beamed in his expreſſive countenance: he eagerly ſnatched the bluſhing beauty in his arms, and impreſſed on her lips the chaſte language of his honeſt love.

"I have a preſent for my Laura, ſomewhat leſs rich, it is true, than her's," ſaid he, drawing from his pocket a ſmall box, which contained a portrait of himſelf; and, preſenting it to the enraptured maid—"But it, too, will ſerve for a remembrance of one who admires, at humble diſtance, the ſuperior virtues of my Emily's friend."

"I ſee, then," ſaid Emily, with a ſmile, "you have a divided affection, Edwin. That portrait, by right, is mine; nor would I ſecede my intereſt in it to any other friend than Laura."

"And was it the preſentment of any other than my Emily's brother," ſaid Laura, "I would not owe its poſſeſſion to the violation of a promiſe."

"Oh! fortune! fortune!" exclaimed Edwin, "never till this moment did I feel thy want!"

The

The approach of Mr. Barclay, at this critical moment, prevented the developement of a ſecret which had been productive of much pain in the boſoms of this amiable pair. Thus interrupted, he haſtily ſnatched a hand of each, carried them to his lips; and, faintly articulated—"Farewel!" hurried towards the houſe. He bowed to Mrs. Barclay as he paſſed her; and, having ſhook hands with his friend, threw himſelf into a chaiſe, and in a ſhort time paſſed the boundaries of the village.

The abſence of Edwin left the proud Lorenzo without a rival; and his viſits to the houſe of Mr. Barclay were unattended with thoſe unpleaſant ſenſations, which the preſence of one ſo remote from the elevated rank which his lordſhip ſuppoſed that he held in ſociety frequently excited. His attentions to Miſs Barclay were become more particular; and, at length, after long combating the ſcruples of pride, he made her an offer of his hand.

Unaccuſtomed to ſpeak a language foreign to her heart, ſhe candidly confeſſed that her affections were placed on another; on one who was himſelf a ſtranger to the partiality which ſhe bore him; and entreated his lordſhip to renounce his paſſion. What a ſhock was this to the credulous hopes of aſpiring pride! a nobleman of his exalted

rank, of his diſtinguiſhed birth, of his extenſive fortune, to be rejected by the daughter of a —— it was inſufferable!

"And you will not, madam—you will not accept of the offer, I have made you?"

"Would your lordſhip receive the hand of one whoſe heart is poſſeſſed by another?

Lorenzo made no reply; but walked about the room, in much ſeeming agitation: he bit his lip with vexation; and his eyes, inflamed with paſſion, darted angry glances at the trembling Laura. After a ſilence of ſome minutes, his lordſhip reſumed the topic—"And pray, madam, who is the favoured object of your love?"

"Excuſe me, my lord; it is a queſtion which prudence forbids me to anſwer."

"It is well, Madam. But know to your confuſion, that I am no ſtranger to him for whom you entertain this *ſecret* partiality; and, in the low-born peaſant, Edwin, behold a hated rival! He is competitor with me for the beauteous Laura. Mark me, Madam! I love you beyond all thought; nor will I ceaſe to tell the world how dear I hold you in my heart; and, if your favoured Edwin dare oppoſe my ſuit, the ſword ſhall——"

"My

"My lord! my lord!" interrupted Laura; "this idle threatening excites in my boſom no cowardly fears for Edwin's ſafety! His eye can view the glaring inſtrument of death, with a mind calm and unruffled as that your lordſhip wears. For ſhame! my lord, ſtifle this womaniſh weakneſs, and combat with becoming fortitude the powers of diſappointment!"

"Fortitude!" exclaimed Lorenzo; his whole frame trembling with paſſion.

"I know the taſk is irkſome," reſumed Laura, "to one who——fatal error!——has been taught from the earlieſt ſtage of infancy to ſpurn reſtraint; and whoſe wants, before the tongue could give them utterance, the cringing ſycophant's aſſiduous care ſupplied. But know, my lord, that birth and fortune, and all the glittering train of greatneſs, to thoſe who wear an independent mind, are empty baubles; and ſhed no luſtre, when unaccompanied by the nobler virtues of the heart!"

"O very well, Madam! very well! This leſſon is indelibly ſtamped in my memory; and my pride—yes, my pride—will teach me to remember it."

With increaſing rage, the imperious lord ruſhed out of the room, and returned to his ſplendid

manſion, tortured with every unquiet thought that diſappointed hope and pride could dictate. Nor was the fair Laura leſs perplexed and uneaſy. She feared that Lorenzo would appeal to the deciſion of her parents; and, though ſhe doubted not that they anxiouſly wiſhed her happineſs, yet the advantages of birth and fortune in the perſon of her haughty lover, ſhe knew, were powerful recommendations, and trembled leſt the conſtancy of her father ſhould forſake him. Mrs. Barclay had already expreſſed her approbation of his lordſhip for a ſon-in-law; ſhe knew, therefore, that in her, Lorenzo would find an advocate.

In this frame of mind ſhe was ſitting, when her father entered the room. He obſerved her not; but threw himſelf on a chair, and exclaimed, with a ſigh—"Poor Edwin!"

"What of Edwin, Sir!" aſked the pale ſtruck Laura. "Have you received any intelligence from him?"

"Ah no!" replied Mr. Barclay; "not from him, but——"

"But what, Sir? O! ſpeak, my dear father, and ſave me from the horrors of ſuſpenſe! Why, Sir, do you tremble thus? Why ſtrive to conceal the

the care that is pictured in your countenance? Say, what of Edwin?"

"Sooner or later, it muſt be known."

"Nay, then, I can diſcern. And is he, is he dead?"

"Here is the record of his fate," ſaid Mr. Barclay, preſenting to his daughter a LONDON paper. She received it with a trembling hand, and through the tears of miſery too plainly read the confirmation of her fears. In vain, "with courage half divine, he oppoſed the foe's ſuperior force. Victory, which long ſtood doubtful, declared againſt him; and, with his ſhattered veſſel, he became a prize to the proud ſons of France. The friendly hand of death—ſo ran the ſad report—ſoon ſnatched their priſoner from them, unlocked the chains of bondage, and gave his noble ſpirit freedom.

But who can paint the agony that filled the boſoms of his friends! and chiefly thine, ſweet maid! whoſe fond imagination had given to the view of playful fancy air drawn viſions of delight! DELUSIVE HOPE! faithleſs guide! how doſt thou lead the unſuſpecting mind aſtray with gilded proſpects of changeleſs bliſs and never-fading joy! yet that which

which thou inſtructed us to purſue, is but a phantom; a ſhadow that flies our anxious graſp, and eludes our eager embrace!

The gentle Emily, too, with ſtreaming eyes, and tortured ſoul, bemoans the loſs of father, brother, friend; and mocks the force of language to ſpeak her ſorrows, or deſcribe her woe.

It is ſaid that—

"—By *fellowship* in woe,
Scarcely *half* our pain we know."

And, indeed, the power of ſympathy greatly alleviates diſtreſs, and operates as a pleaſing antidote againſt misfortune. The mutual ſorrow of Laura, and her friend, contributed more to allay the poignancy of their grief, than the moſt ſtudied eloquence could have effected; and the tenderneſs of the hoſpitable Mr. Barclay, tended infinitely to the recovery of thoſe amiable friends.

The penetrating eye of Mr. Barclay readily perceived that his daughter's grief for the loſs of Edwin aroſe not ſolely from the friendſhip ſhe bore to Emily. Love, he concluded, had by far the greateſt ſhare in her diſtreſs; and when ſhe had in ſome meaſure recovered her former tranquillity, he ventured to expreſs his ſentiments freely on the ſubject.

ſubject. Laura confirmed his ſuſpicions; and the fond father, mingled his tears with thoſe of his child, lamented the diſappointment of her chaſte and honeſt love.

The minds of Laura and her friend, though greatly tranquillized, ſtill retained a portion of uneaſineſs, that viſibly impaired their conſtitutions. Mr. Barclay propoſed an excurſion to Briſtol; the propriety of which was ſtrongly recommended by the advice of their phyſician; and the ladies made no oppoſition to the journey. Every preparation was therefore immediately made; and Laura and her friend, attended by Mr. Barclay—Mrs. Barclay having declined accompanying them, ſet out for the reſidence of his ſon.

The news of Edwin's fate had alſo reached Lorenzo, through the channel of the public papers; and he congratulated himſelf on the removal of the only obſtacle—in his own mind, at leaſt—that impeded the accompliſhment of his wiſhes. Concluding that the mind of Laura would be much agitated by this melancholy circumſtance, he avoided the houſe of Mr. Barclay; contenting himſelf with writing to that gentleman a letter of condolence on the loſs of his friend; and fanned his new-born hope, that promiſed the completion of his fond deſires.

At

At this moment, the pride that ſhould have held in remembrance the leſſon of prudence, which the object of his paſſion had read to him, forſook his haughty and imperious mind, and love and hope alone reigned in his boſom. That he loved Laura, that his paſſion was pure and diſintereſted, is beyond a doubt; but who ſhall ſay that it fixed on her an obligation? His fondneſs was not her crime, but his misfortune.

The ſtruggles of Pride and Love, in the mind of this young nobleman, made him very reſtleſs and uneaſy. Love frequently urged him to forget the inſult he had received from offended beauty, and ſometimes led him on the way to the dwelling of Laura; but, before he reached the houſe, pride would ruſh into his mind, and rouſe indignant paſſion from diſgraceful ſlumber, check his vagrant ſteps, and conduct him back a vaſſal to her ſuperior power. Thus was he tortured from day to day, from hour to hour, and when, at length, his fondneſs ſucceſsfully combatted the remonſtrances of his pride, and unimpeded he reached the manſion of his love, his high-raiſed hopes ended in a cruel diſappointment.

Oppoſition generally ſtrengthened the perſeverance of Lorenzo; and his temper always ſpurned at reſtraint. His reſolves now were to purſue

Laura

Laura—the communicative diſpoſition of Mrs. Barclay having informed him where ſhe was gone —and again intrude on her ear the ſubject of love. With this reſolution, he quitted Mrs. Barclay; and, as ſoon as his chaiſe and baggage were got ready, he ſet off for Briſtol. Here he found the indiſpoſition of Miſs Barclay but feebly mended. The alteration which grief had made in her features, excited in his breaſt the moſt painful ſenſations; and he could ſcarcely credit the evidence of his ſight, that the form on which he gazed was the once blooming Laura. His introduction to the family evinced much embarraſſment, and, when he ſaluted the fair object of his love, a tear ſtarted from his eye.

Laura now plainly ſaw, that the paſſion which his lordſhip entertained for her was too firmly rooted to be eaſily eradicated; and ſhe foreſaw that its proſecution would embitter her future moments. She diſcloſed the ſituation of her heart to her friend; but ſhe could only lament the exiſtence of his lordſhip's attachment, and was totally unable to afford her anxieties any relief. The brother of Laura had already engaged the good opinion of Emily; and, though ſhe ſtruggled much againſt the riſing paſſion, ſhe found that he every day gained more of her eſteem.

She bluſhed aud trembled when he addreſſed her; and her confuſion diſcloſed to him the ſtate of her heart, while her eyes confirmed the conqueſt he had made. Young Barclay, immerſed as he was in an extenſive line of buſineſs, and affairs of the greateſt importance hourly demanded his attention, could not forego the pleaſing contemplation of Emily's ſuperior worth; and, before he had ſcarcely conſidered the ſubject, found himſelf in love.

And now Lorenzo, mortified at the coldneſs and indifference with which Miſs Barclay treated his paſſion, diſcloſed to her father the affection he bore her, and ſolicited from him the honour of her hand. Mr. Barclay could find in his mind no objection to his lordſhip's ſuit: he informed him of the partiality his daughter had borne the gallant Edwin, and of his determination never to violate her inclinations; and that, if his lordſhip could win her conſent, he would himſelf do nothing to impede the completion of his wiſhes.

Lorenzo well knew that the integrity of Mr. Barclay was not to be ſhaken, and therefore ſubmitted to this deciſion. He now redoubled his aſſiduities to Laura, and employed every art to win her favour.—

" He

" He urg'd his ſuit with all the fervent zeal
That honeſt love and paſſion could inſpire;
Diſplay'd the glories of imperial greatneſs,
To catch the fair, and make her fancy's ſlave:
Nor were his wond'rous ſuff'rings left unnotic'd,
To raiſe a ſpark of pity in her mind,
And then by art to fan it into love;
But all his labour'd eloquence was vain."

Again he left the unrelenting fair, and ſought for relief in the haunts of diſſipation; while, to avoid the ſight of one who gave her pain, the ſtill melancholy Laura returned to her village, and lived ſecluded in the boſom of ſolitude. But ſolitude could afford her no peace. Memory, with increaſing fondneſs, dwelt enraptured on the image of Edwin; and grief and wretchedneſs drained from her the ſprings of life.

Mr. Edward Barclay, who had accompanied his father home, had now more leiſure to examine the merits of his ſiſter's friend, and to cultivate her eſteem. Little penetration ſerved to diſcover the one, and he had ſome time been in the full poſſeſſion of the other. He ſtated to his father the ſentiments he entertained for his fair ward, and received from him an unequivocal aſſent to purſue his inclinations. Without any further heſitation,

therefore, he diſcloſed to Emily the partiality he bore her, and ſolicited the honour of her hand. With becoming modeſty the bluſhing maid confeſſed a mutual fondneſs, and confirmed her lover's happineſs.

Meanwhile, the imperious Lorenzo, urged by repeated diſappointments, and the advice of ſome diſſolute companions, to whom he had communicated the particulars of his unſucceſsful paſſion, meditated revenge againſt the deſpiſer of his love. It was their deſign to ſteal on her in one of her lonely walks, and to carry her off by force. For this purpoſe, his lordſhip, attended by a brace of diſbanded officers, who chiefly lived by the flattery of their tongues, arrived at his country reſidence. Here they finiſhed their plan of operations, and impatiently awaited the arrival of the moment that was to put them into execution. Nor were they long held in ſuſpenſe. Laura, one evening, withdrawing from Emily and her lover, directed her ſteps to the brow of the neighbouring cliff, as was now become her frequent cuſtom, to gaze on the liquid main, and view the approach of diſtant ſails, as if expecting the arrival of her love. To this place Lorenzo and his aſſociates watched the unſuſpecting maid, concealing themſelves in a ſmall grove of firs at a ſhort diſtance,

waiting

waiting the labourers deſertion of the fields, and the coming on of the evening, if ſhe ſhould continue her ſtay, as ſhe generally did, to that late hour, to favour their deſigns.

And now a diſtant veſſel caught the watchful eye of Laura. A briſk gale filled the ſwelling ſails, and drove her towards the ſhore. The weary pilot heaved the lead; the anchor was caſt, and all her ſails unfurled. In a few minutes after, a boat was thrown out, and manned, which made for the ſhore. Imagination pictured to the mind of Laura her lover's return; nor did her fond idea fade away, till ſhe beheld the boat on the beach, and ſaw the tattered garments of the ſun-burnt crew. She concluded that the veſſel was manned with thoſe ſort of people who frequent this part of the coaſt to diſpoſe of contraband goods; and, thus diſappointed, ſhe turned from the ſcene, and ſought with ſtreaming eyes her father's houſe. Scarcely, however, had ſhe walked a dozen yards, before ſhe heard ſeveral voices behind her, which ſhe ſuppoſed to be thoſe of the ſailors ſhe had ſeen; and, at the ſame time, one of Lorenzo's companions ruſhed from his ambuſh, and ſeized the affrighted Laura. A ſecond followed; and a third approached, which ſhe knew to be Lorenzo.

"Now, Madam," ſaid the ſcornful lord, "reſiſtance

ſiſtance will avail you little; you now are in my power. Say, you will be mine—"

"Your's!" interrupted the indignant maid—"No, never! No force on earth ſhall make me your's!—Away, Sir! nor interrupt my paſſage."

"If I forego the preſent opportunity which fortune has given me, then may diſappointment haunt me ſtill!—Run, Blundell, to the bottom of the hill, and deſire the poſtillion to drive this way."

At this moment, the ſailors, whom ſhe had before heard, paſſed with a quick and hurrying pace. To theſe Laura called for aſſiſtance. Her voice operated like electricity on the foremoſt of the ſailors, who were three in number: he inſtantly checked his ſteps. Laura proceeded——"For Heaven's ſake, good fellows! protect me from the rude inſults of theſe men; who, againſt my inclination, are forcing me from my parents!"

The ſailor, who had ſtopped ſo ſuddenly, now came forward, his eyes darting fury; and, unſheathing a ſword which he held in his hand, approaching Lorenzo, whoſe weapon was alſo naked. The companions of his lordſhip made a precipitate flight, while he was engaged in a fruitleſs attempt to parry the well directed thruſts of his antagoniſt; but

but he was ſoon overtaken by one of the ſailors, and brought back to the ſcene of action.

The ſight of the ſwords, threw Laura into a ſwoon, and ſhe dropped into the arms of the third ſailor. Such was her ſituation, when Mr. Edward Barclay, alarmed at the long ſtay of his ſiſter, come to ſeek her. Lorenzo had fallen beneath the ſword of the ragged ſailor; who, ſeeing his conqueſt firmly eſtabliſhed, haſtened to the fair object for whom he had fought.

The preſence of her brother, at the moment ſhe recovered her ſenſes, tranquillized her mind; and enabled her to relate the manner in which ſhe had been attacked by Lorenzo and his companions.

"O my brave fellow!" ſaid Mr. Barclay, "what do we not owe to thy generous protection! What reward is there, however great, that can equal the ſervice thou haſt done us!—But let us not purſue our revenge too far. Releaſe that fellow, and let him attend the guilty lord to his habitation."

The chaiſe now approached, and the two officers lifted Lorenzo into it—who, through loſs of blood, was unable to ſpeak—and drove ſlowly towards his lordſhip's houſe.

"How

"How ſincerely, my dear ſiſter," ſaid Mr. Barclay, "do I congratulate your miraculous eſcape from the power of the proud Lorenzo!—My love, the gentle Emily, too, and our fond parents, who at this moment ſuffer a thouſand fears, will ſhare my pleaſure.—But what reward will you give your brave deliverer? My purſe," continued he, drawing it from his pocket, "is at preſent very low—" "Think me not, Sir," interrupted the ſailor, "ſo ſelfiſh. That which I have done, "o'erpays itſelf in doing;" and when I reflect that it is my Laura that I have ſerved——"

"Your Laura!" interrupted Mr. Barclay.—"Yes! Yes!—it is, it is, my Edwin!" ſaid Laura, ruſhing into his extended arms: "my long loſt love!"

"Where, now, is fled the recollection of paſt wretchedneſs! The bliſs my longing ſoul now taſtes, drives away every lingering trace of ſorrow from my mind; and all, now, is pleaſure, happineſs, and love!"

"But where, where haſt thou been? How come here?—You were reported dead!"

"The tale is long, my love! nor does it ſuit the preſent joyful moment. But, ſay, how fares my ſiſter, my dear Emily? Is ſhe well?"

"Let

" Let me," ſaid Mr. Barclay, " who hold an intereſt in her heart, who prize her happineſs beyond all other joys the world can boaſt; let me report the joyful tidings, that ſhe is well! that ſhe is happy! ſave when the remembrance of her brother's fancied fate recurs to her memory, and interrupts her joy.—But come, ſiſter—brother—for ſo I now may call you; let us ſeek our deſponding friends, and calm each anxious fear. The preſence of my dear Laura, and of him whoſe memory they fondly cheriſh, will baniſh every ſorrow and leave their minds ſuſceptible only of joy.

The impatience with which Mr. and Mrs. Barclay waited the return of their children, and the inquietude Emily ſuffered from the abſence of her friend and lover, were amply compenſated in the arrival of the gallant Edwin from the gloom of a foreign priſon; where, it ſeems, he had long been confined, and from which he had juſt been ſet at liberty. The report of his death was an error, originating from his having been ſo deſperately wounded as to be obliged to leave the deck.

The return of Edwin was immediately followed by his union with Laura, and that of Mr. Edward Barclay with the gentle Emily; while the proud

Lorenzo, ſlowly recovering from his wounds, retreated from the village, a melancholy example of the errors of education! and leaving the young couples in the full enjoyment of every felicity which a mutual and honeſt love is capable of affording.

ON

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION is the great deſpot of our miſerable globe. This is the moſt powerful enemy of that pure and ſpiritual worſhip which ſhould be paid to the Supreme Being. Let us deteſt this unnatural monſter, that has ever been ſtabbing the breaſt of its mother, from whence it derives its nouriſhment. 'Tis a ſerpent that involves religion in its folds, and we ſhould endeavour to cruſh its head without hurting the victim which it infects and devours.

VERSES

VERSES,

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THE world's eſteem be you content to gain,
Its admiration leave the gay and vain:
To flatt'ry now no longer lend your ear,
But ſpeak with caution, and with caution hear:
Regard not fops, though they in raptures ſwear
You're born for conqueſt, and divinely fair;
O let the coxcombs ſee you can deſpiſe,
And find a fool, though hid in gay diſguiſe;
Each prating puppy then ſhall hold his tongue,
Nor even ſcandal do your honour wrong;—
Your huſband's love your firſt attention claims,
If he approves, no matter then who blames:
And take this truth, though in no flow'ry ſtrain,
That love once loſt is ne'er renewed again:
An oath, my dear, you to high Heaven have made,
Each power ſtood witneſs while the words were ſaid;
Though unpolite, I muſt the truth convey,
Be not ſurpriz'd, you promis'd to obey:
Obedience pure, and undiſguis'd by art;
That takes its riſe from virtue in the heart;

That ſprings from love to ſordid minds unknown,
And reigns in tempers generous as your own;
O may the man, who from the altar led
Thy blooming beauties to the bridal bed;
Who took thee bluſhing in thy virgin charms,
And found a Heaven of love within thine arms!
Sooth'd by thy friendſhip, ne'er repent the hour,
He gave his ſoul a victim to love's power;
O be it thine, by each endearing art,
To gain the ſoft dominion o'er his heart;
Then when the beauties of thy form ſhall fade,
By ſickneſs waſted, or by age decay'd;
Thy mind ſhall then the tranſient charms ſupply,
And give thoſe beauties that can never die.

AN

ANECDOTE.

A PARISH in Lincolnſhire was ſome years ago, the reſidence of a Sir John Trollop, in which he diſplayed many acts of liberality; among others he beautified the church and erected a lofty ſpire. The inhabitants to teſtify their gratitude, and to perpetuate the memory of their generous benefactor, cauſed a ſtatue to be erected in the church, with one hand pointing up to the ſteeple,

ſteeple, and the other downward to the ſpot where his remains were to be interred, and under this figure were engraved the following curious lines:

This is the effigy of Sir John Trollop,
Who caus'd thoſe ſtones, that ſpire to roll up;
And when that God does take his ſoul up;
His body is to fill that hole up.

BODY and SOUL.

TWO inferences are to be drawn from this conſideration. Firſt, that we ſhould ſtock the ſoul with ſuch ideas, ſentiments, and affections, as have a benign and ſalutary influence upon the body. Secondly, that we ſhould keep the body, by temperance, exerciſe, &c. in that ſtate which has a like benign and ſalutary influence on the ſoul. The common practice is exactly the reverſe. Men indulge paſſions in the ſoul, which deſtroy the health of the body, and introduce diſtempers into it, which impair the powers of the ſoul. Man being a compound creature, his happineſs is not complete till both parts of the compoſition partake of it.

SUICIDE.

RICHARD SMITH, a bookbinder, and a priſoner for debt in the King's bench, having murdered his little infant, perſuaded his wife to accompany him in making away with himſelf. This miſerable pair was ſoon found hanging in their bed-chamber, at about a yard diſtance from each other; and the child found dead in the cradle in a ſeparate apartment. They left a letter, ſurpriſing for the propriety and calm reſolution in which it was written. They declared the moſt unremitting induſtry could not obtain a livelihood; that this ſtep withdrew them from rags and miſery, which they found inevitable; that it was more cruel to leave their child behind them, friendleſs and expoſed to wretchedneſs, than to take it with them; they truſted in Almighty God, and with humble reſignation committed themſelves to him, who could not delight in the miſeries of his creatures.

PATRIOTISM.

GENUINE patriotiſm, like genuine religion, is ſo ſeldom poſſeſſed by thoſe who wiſh to be thought it's friends, that it behoves us with the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny to inſpect the characters of ſuch as call themſelves the advocates of freedom. Many aſſume the maſk of liberty, that under the diſguiſe of patriots they may, with more facility, execute thoſe projects of ambition and ſelf-intereſt which are the main ſpring of all their actions. Hiſtory affords abundant examples of this nature; while we ſee but here and there a true patriot, a friend of mankind. It is not he who mouths it for the public weal, and makes the greateſt cry for liberty, that is always its friend. The patriot ſays little, thinks much. He views with contempt the petty oppoſition of factious men, whoſe only aim is ſelf—nor ſpeaks, till he hears his country's call; then, no one can be more ready to aſſiſt in its ſervice. Forgetting every little conſideration of eaſe and health, he feels an irreſiſtible *amor patriæ* invigorate his ſoul, and nerve him againſt the arm of oppreſſion. His wife and children though dearer than life, are nothing when his country demands the ſacrifice. His exiſtence he holds for its ſervice and yields it in her defence. Nor is the patriot's love confined to his own country; he even

deſires

deſires the freedom and happineſs of univerſal man. His heart pants to ſee the glorious time, when nations ſhall forget thoſe animoſities which have deluged the world with blood, and ſtained the annals of humanity; when, convinced that virtue is not bounded by ſoil, or friendſhip by colour, but that great and virtuous characters exiſt in every climate, men ſhall live, not as ſavages, to prey on each other, but as children of the ſame All-beneficent Being, who created them to live in harmony and love. How different from this, is the man who, with liberty on his tongue, uſes it only to allure the multitude; while his aim is place and penſion. To ſuch are we indebted for all our national misfortunes. When they have obtained their end, we often find thoſe who made the moſt noiſe for liberty, purſue meaſures inimical to the public good. We ſhould praiſe rather than blame the people for ſuſpecting thoſe who would be thought champions for their rights and liberties; ſince experience evinces, that the character of a true patriot is not always found in the man who profeſſes to be one. A true patriot muſt be a virtuous man.

DISTRESS

DISTRESS ENCOURAGED BY HOPE;

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whoſe name is known to many, but the "eventful hiſtory" of whoſe life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a ſingle perſon living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited diſhonour, or whoſe delicacy or virtue can ſuffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a ſeries of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the moſt forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as miſery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper diſtreſs, and the mind fortified againſt deſpair by inſtances of unexpected relief.

The father of Meliſſa was the younger ſon of a country gentleman who poſſeſſed an eſtate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three ſiſters to be provided for, he was at about ſixteen taken from Eton ſchool, and apprenticed to a conſiderable merchant at Briſtol. The young gentleman, whoſe imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by

magnanimous preſumption, and the wonders diſcovered by daring curioſity, was not diſpoſed to conſider the acquiſition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honeſt induſtry as the total of his fame. He regarded his ſituation as ſervile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in ſearch of adventures, he neglected his buſineſs as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonſtrances of his maſter with a kind of ſullen diſdain, and after two years legal ſlavery, made his eſcape, and at the next town enliſted himſelf a ſoldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit, and the fortune of war, he ſhould return a general officer, to the confuſion of thoſe who would have buried him in the obſcurity of a compting-houſe. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmoſt importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project, and obſtruct his advancement.

He was ſent with other recruits to London, and ſoon afterwards quartered with the reſt of his company in a part of the country, which was ſo remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a diſcovery.

It happened that he went one day to the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chamber-maid, and by her intereſt admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whoſe age was ſomething more than ſixty, had been about two years married to a ſecond wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his firſt wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had ſeveral children; the youngeſt was a daughter who had juſt entered her ſeventeenth year; ſhe was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well ſhaped; but her father, whoſe affection for her was mere inſtinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impoſſible for him he ſaid, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governeſs and proper maſters in a place ſo remote from London, ſhe was ſuffered to continue illiterate and unpoliſhed; ſhe knew no entertainment higher than a game of romps with the ſervants; ſhe became their confident, and truſted them in return, nor did ſhe think herſelf happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondneſs of her father had never conciliated her affection, ſhe perceived it

abate upon his marriage without regret. She ſuffered no new reſtraint from her new mother, who obſerved it with a ſecret ſatisfaction that Miſs had been uſed to hide herſelf from viſitors, as neither knowing how to behave or being fit to be ſeen, and choſe rather to conceal her defects, by excluding her from company, than to ſupply them by putting her to a boarding-ſchool.

Miſs, who had been told by Betty that ſhe expected her ſweet heart, and that they were to be merry, ſtole down ſtairs, and, without ſcruple, made one in a party at blind man's buff. The ſoldier of fortune was ſtruck with her perſon, and diſcovered, or thought he diſcovered in the ſimplicity of nature, ſome graces which are poliſhed by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the diſguiſe of a common ſoldier, without revealing his birth, or boaſting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very aſſiduous, and ſucceeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young miſtreſs departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town they were married.

The

The old gentleman as ſoon as he was informed that his daughter was miſſing, made ſo diligent and ſcrupulous an enquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way ſhe was gone; he mounted his horſe, and purſued her, not without curſes and imprecations; diſcovering rather the tranſports of rage, than the emotions of tenderneſs, and reſenting the offence rather as the rebellion of a ſlave, than the diſobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been conſummated, of which when he was informed by the huſband, he turned from him with expreſſions of brutality and indignation; ſwearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithſtanding their union frequently doubled their diſtreſs, ſtill continued fond of each other. The ſpirit of enterprize and the hope of preſumption were not yet quelled in the young ſoldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the ſiege of Namur, with exultation and tranſport, believing his elevation to independance and diſtinction as certain as if he had been going to take poſſeſſion of a title and eſtate. His wife who had been ſome months pregnant, as ſhe had no means of ſubſiſtence in his abſence, procured a paſſage with him.

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When ſhe came on ſhore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to ſtrip the dying and the dead, to whom horror becomes familiar and compaſſion impoſſible, ſhe was terrified: the diſcourſe of the women, rude and unpoliſhed as ſhe was, covered her with confuſion, and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and diſguſt: her maid Betty, who had alſo attended her huſband, was the only perſon with whom ſhe could converſe, and from whom ſhe could hope the aſſiſtance of which ſhe was ſo ſoon to ſtand in need.

In the mean time ſhe found it difficult to ſubſiſt; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom ſhe remembered to have viſited her mother ſoon after her marriage, ſhe applied to him, told him her name, and requeſted that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this requeſt the captain complied; her circumſtances became leſs diſtreſſed, and her mind more eaſy; but new calamity ſuddenly overtook her; ſhe ſaw her huſband march to an engagement in the morning, and ſaw him brought back deſperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the ſame condition, to a

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place of great ſafety, at the diſtance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not conſent, becauſe the waggon would be filled with thoſe who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promiſed, however, that if ſhe would ſtay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a paſſage; but ſhe choſe rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be abſent from her huſband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and ſhe reached the hoſpital but juſt time to kneel down by him upon ſome clean ſtraw, to ſee him ſink under the laſt agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and ſhe lived but to be delivered of Meliſſa, who was thus in the moſt helpleſs ſtate left without father, mother or friend, in a foreign country, in circmſtances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderneſs that ſhould attempt the preſervation of her life, and among perſons who were become obdurate and inſenſible, by having been long uſed to ſee every ſpecies of diſtreſs.

It happened that, among thoſe whom accident or diſtreſs had brought together at the birth of Meliſſa,

Meliſſa, there was a young woman whoſe huſband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had loſt a little boy that ſhe ſuckled. This perſon, rather perhaps to relieve herſelf from an inconveniency, than in compaſſion to the orphan, put it to her breaſt; but whatever was her motive, ſhe believed that the affording ſuſtenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which ſhe therefore took poſſeſſion; but in ſearching her pocket ſhe found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking glaſs, about the value of a penny Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which ſhe could not read, ſhe gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundreſs produced. He commanded the woman who had preſerved the infant, to be cal'ed and put her into the place of it's mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom ſhe alſo returned, and became his ſervant.

This gentleman, as ſoon, as he had ſettled his immediate concerns, ſent Meliſſa under the care of her nurſe to her grandfather; and incloſed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preſerved. He knew

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that thoſe who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affections, when living, are generally remembered with tenderneſs when dead; and that after the grave has ſheltered them from our reſentment, and rendered reconciliation impoſſible, we often regret as ſevere that conduct which before we approved as juſt; he, therefore, hoped that the parental fondneſs which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the ſight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be loſt in the ſenſe of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable reſentment which produced them, by cheriſhing a life to which ſhe had, as it were, transferred her own. But in theſe expectations, however reaſonable, he was miſtaken. The old man, when he was informed by the meſſenger that the child was his grand-daughter, whom ſhe was come to put under his protection, refuſed to examine the contents of the letter, and diſmiſſed her with menaces and inſults. The knowledge of every uncommon event ſoon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Meliſſa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this freſh inſtance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he ſent immediately for the child and the letter, and aſſured the ſervant that his niece ſhould want nothing which he could

beſtow: to beſtow much, indeed was not in his power, for his father having obſtinately perſiſted in his reſentment, his whole ſupport was a little farm which he rented of the 'ſquire; but as he was a good œconomiſt and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, becauſe his father had denied him affluence.

Meliſſa, who was compaſſionated for her mother's misfortune, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not leſs beloved for her own good qualities; ſhe was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as ſoon as ſhe was able to learn; and ſhe was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettieſt girl in the place; but her aunt died when ſhe was about eleven years old, and before ſhe was thirteen ſhe loſt her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, ſtill helpleſs, though her wants were increaſed; wretched in proportion as ſhe had known happineſs, ſhe looked back with anguiſh, and forward with diſtraction; a fit of crying had juſt afforded her momentary relief, when the 'ſquire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, ſent for her to his houſe. This gentleman had heard the

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ſtory from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preſerved almoſt by miracle, ſhould at laſt be abandoned to miſery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a ſervant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accompliſhed, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her diſtreſs, and Miſs received her with great tenderneſs and complacency; ſhe wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguiſh of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom ſhe loved and reverenced as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand juſt before he expired; ſhe found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, encloſed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now ruſhed upon her mind, raiſed emotions which, if they could not be ſuppreſſed by reaſon, were ſoon deſtroyed by their own violence. In this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Meliſſa ſoon became a favourite: the good 'ſquire ſeemed to conſider her as his child, and Miſs as her ſiſter; ſhe was taught dancing and muſic, introduced to the beſt company, elegantly dreſſed, and allowed ſuch

ſums as were neceſſary for trivial expences. Youth ſeldom ſuffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyments of to-day, but rather regards preſent felicity as the pledge of future: Meliſſa was probably as happy as if ſhe had been in the actual poſſeſſion of a fortune, that, to the eaſe and ſplendor which ſhe enjoyed already, which would have added ſtability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only ſon of her benefactor was juſt come from the univerſity to ſpend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her perſon, behaviour, and diſcourſe; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She ſoon perceived that he ſhewed particular reſpect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himſelf by an officious aſſiduity, and a diligent attention to the moſt minute circumſtances that might contribute to her pleaſure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear; ſhe foreſaw, that if what ſhe had remarked in his conduct ſhould be perceived by his father and ſiſter, the peace of the family would be deſtroyed: and that ſhe muſt either be ſhipwrecked in the ſtorm, or thrown over to appeaſe it.

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She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaiſance was intended by her lover, and hoped that he would thus be diſcouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her diſregard of that which he knew ſhe could not but ſee, yet he determined to addreſs her in ſuch terms as ſhould not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he reverenced her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife: and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquiſh his hopes of poſſeſſing her as a miſtreſs. An opportunity for the executing of his purpoſe was not long wanting: ſhe received his general profeſſions of love with levity and merriment; but when ſhe perceived that his view was to ſeduce her to proſtitution, ſhe burſt into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to ſpeak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorſe; his tenderneſs was alarmed at her diſtreſs, and his eſteem increaſed by her virtue; he catched her in his arms, and as an atonement for the inſult ſhe had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chaſtity would not ſuffer her to become his miſtreſs, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as ſoon as ſhe was ſufficiently recollected, ſhe intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation ſhe

was under either to herſelf or to her benefactor: "Would not," ſaid ſhe, "the preſence of a wretch whom you had ſeduced from innocence and peace to remorſe and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not fear to be betrayed by a wife, whoſe fidelity no kindneſs can ſecure; who had broken all the bands that reſtrain the generous and the good; and who by an act of the moſt flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others aſcend by imperceptible gradations."—Theſe objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to ſubdue deſire; he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expoſtulations, neither could ſhe always ſilence them in ſuch a manner as might more effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the ſituation of the two lovers; he had taken her hand into his, and was ſpeaking with great eagerneſs; while ſhe regarded him with a kind of timerous complacency, and liſtened to him with attention which her heart condemned; his father in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engroſſed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made propoſals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that ſuch a propoſal could poſſibly be rejected by a girl in Meliſſa's ſituation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her perſon was not proſtituted, he took his meaſures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been uſed to remove into the country: he therefore, gave orders, that every thing ſhould be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach ſhould be ready at ſix the next morning, a man and horſe being diſpatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little ſurprized at this ſudden removal; but though the 'ſquire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they preceived ſomething had offended him, they did not enquire the reaſon, nor did they ſuſpect it.

Meliſſa packed up her things as uſual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his ſiſter having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Meliſſa into the parlour; where in a few words, with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a deſign to marry his ſon without his conſent, an act of ingratitude, which he ſaid juſtified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a reſolution he had taken that a bank bill

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of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, ſhould be the laſt, adding, that he expected ſhe ſhould within one week leave the houſe. To this heavy charge ſhe was not in a condition to reply, nor did he ſtay to ſee whether ſhe would attempt it, but haſtily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Meliſſa a third time, by a ſudden and unexpected deſertion, expoſed to penury and diſtreſs, with this aggravation, that eaſe and influence were become habitual; and that though ſhe was not ſo helpleſs as at the death of her uncle, ſhe was expoſed to yet greater danger; for few that have been uſed to ſlumber up and down, and wake to feſtivity, can reſiſt the allurements of vice, who ſtill offers eaſe and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed, and a garret, ſhort meals, coarſe apparel, and perpetual labour. Meliſſa, as ſoon as ſhe had recovered from the ſtupor which had ſeized her upon ſo aſtoniſhing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a perſon who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her juſtification, while it would render her veracity ſuſpected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being reſtored to a ſtate of ſplendid dependance, from which jealouſy or caprice might again at any time

time remove her, without notice: ſhe had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herſelf againſt her accuſer upon equal terms; nor did ſhe know how to ſubſiſt a ſingle day, when ſhe had returned his bill and quitted his houſe; yet ſuch was the dignity of her ſpirit, that ſhe immediately incloſed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country houſe, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the houſe, ſent her immediately with it to the Poſt-Office. The tears then burſt out, which the agitation of her mind had before reſtrained; and when the ſervant returned, ſhe told her all that had happened, and aſked her advice, what ſhe ſhould do. The girl, after the firſt emotions of wonder and pity had ſubſided, told her that ſhe had a ſiſter who lodged in a reputable houſe, and took in plain work, to whom ſhe would be welcome, as ſhe could aſſiſt in her buſineſs, of which ſhe had often more than ſhe could do; and with whom ſhe might continue till ſome more eligible ſituation could be obtained. Meliſſa liſtened to this propoſal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was ſuddenly releaſed from the moſt tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, expoſed to the menaces of a beadle, or the inſults of the rabble; ſhe was in haſte to ſecure her good fortune, and felt ſome

degree of pain leſt ſhe ſhould loſe it by the earlier application of another; ſhe therefore went immediately with the maid to her ſiſter, with whom it was ſoon agreed that Meliſſa ſhould work for her board and lodging; for ſhe would not accept as a gift, that which ſhe could by any means deſerve as a payment.

While Meliſſa was a journeywoman to a perſon, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confuſion; it happened that a ſuit of linen was brought from the milliners, wrapped up in a newſpaper; the linen was put into the work-baſket, and the paper being thrown careleſsly about, Meliſſa at laſt catched it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving it had been publiſhed a fortnight, was juſt a going to put it in the fire, when by an accidental glance ſhe ſaw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind ſhe read an advertiſement, in which her father, ſaid to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or navy, was directed to apply to a perſon in Staples Inn, who could inform him of ſomething greatly to his advantage. To this perſon Meliſſa applied with all the ardour of curioſity, and all the tumult of expectation; ſhe

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was informed that the elder brother of the perſon mentioned in the advertiſement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was poſſeſſed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had deſcended to him from his father, and one thouſand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his ſiſters; but that a miſtreſs who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the ſuppoſed heireſſes with too much ſeverity and contempt, had in the bitterneſs of her reſentment publiſhed the advertiſement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different paſſions excited with uncommon violence in the breaſt of Meliſſa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection, and when ſhe became more calm, ſhe knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right; her mind was bewildered amidſt a thouſand poſſibilities, and diſtreſſed by the apprehenſion that all might prove ineffectual.

After much thought and many projects, ſhe recollected that the captain, whoſe ſervant brought her to England, could probably afford her more aſſiſtance than any other perſon; as he had often been pointed out to her in public places by the

ſquire, to whom her ſtory was well known, ſhe was acquainted with his perſon, and knew that within a few months he was alive: ſhe ſoon obtained directions to his houſe, and being readily admitted to a conference, ſhe told him with as much preſence of mind as ſhe could, that ſhe was the perſon whom his compaſſion had contributed to preſerve when an infant; in confirmation of which ſhe produced his letter, and the certificate incloſed in it; that by the death of a father's elder brother, whoſe family ſhe had never known, ſhe was become entitled to a very conſiderable eſtate; but that ſhe knew not what evidence would be neceſſeary to ſupport her claim, how ſuch evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entruſt the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed againſt her. The old captain received her with that eaſy politeneſs which is almoſt peculiar to his profeſſion, and with a warmth of benevolence that is ſeldom found in any; he congratulated her upon ſo happy and unexpected event; and without the parade of oſtentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confeſſion of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he ſaid ſhe might with the utmoſt ſecurity confide, and with whom ſhe would have nothing more to do than to tell her ſtory: "And do not," ſaid he, "doubt of ſucceſs,

ceſs, for I will be ready to teſtify what I know of the affair, whenever I ſhall be called on; and the woman who was preſent at your birth, and brought you over, ſtill lives with me, and on occaſion may do you ſignal ſervice."

Meliſſa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, proſecuted her claim with ſo much ſkill and aſſiduity, that within a few months ſhe was put in poſſeſſion of her eſtate. Her firſt care was to wait upon the captain, to whom ſhe now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleaſure, which only thoſe who merit it can enjoy; and inſiſted that ſhe ſhould draw upon him for ſuch ſums as ſhe ſhould want before her rents became due. She then took very handſome ready furniſhed lodgings, and determined immediately to juſtify her conduct to the 'ſquire, whoſe kindneſs ſhe ſtill remembered, and whoſe reſentment ſhe had forgiven. With this view ſhe ſet out in a chariot and ſix, attended by two ſervants in livery on horſeback, and proceeded to his country-ſeat, from whence the family was not returned: ſhe had lain at an inn within ſix miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, ſhe could

perceive

perceive the ſervants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady & her brother gazing through the window to ſee if they knew the livery: ſhe remarked every circumſtance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the ſolicitude which her preſence produced among thoſe, from whoſe ſociety ſhe had ſo lately been driven with diſdain and indignation.

She now encreaſed their wonder, by ſending in a ſervant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady deſired to ſpeak with him about urgent buſineſs, which would not however long detain him: he courteouſly invited the lady to honour him with her commands, haſted into his beſt parlour, adjuſted his wig, and put himſelf in the beſt order to receive her: ſhe alighted, and diſplayed a very rich undreſs, which correſponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modiſh appearance of her ſervants. She contrived to hide her face as ſhe went up the walk, that ſhe might not be known too ſoon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom ſhe ſoon diſcovered herſelf to his great aſtoniſhment, and before he had recovered his preſence of mind, ſhe addreſſed him to this effect, "You ſee, ſir, an orphan who is under the greateſt obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your ſuſpicions.

cions. When I was a dependant upon your liberality, I would not aſſert my innocence, becauſe I could not bear to be ſuſpected of falſhood: but I aſſert it now, being the poſſeſſor of a paternal eſtate, becauſe I cannot bear to be ſuſpected of ingratitude: that your ſon preſſed me to marry him, is true; but it is alſo true that I refuſed him, becauſe I would not diſappoint your hopes and impoveriſh your poſterity." The old gentleman's confuſion was encreaſed by the wonders that crowded upon him: he firſt made ſome attempts to apologize for his ſuſpicions with aukwardneſs and heſitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained ſilent; then approaching, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again deſiſted before he had finiſhed the compliment.

Meliſſa perceived his perplexity, and gueſſed the cauſe; ſhe was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the ſudden change of her circumſtances, but Miſs, whoſe maid had brought her intelligence from the ſervants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Meliſſa, and that ſhe was lately come to a great eſtate by the death of an uncle, could no longer reſtrain the impatience of her affection and joy; ſhe ruſhed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a tranſport that

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can only be felt by friendſhip, and expreſſed by tears. When this tender ſilence was over, the ſcruples of doubt were ſoon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and ſincere; the father led out his gueſt, and preſented her to his ſon with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Meliſſa had beſpoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but ſhe was not ſuffered to return. Within a few weeks ſhe became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his ſon, with whom ſhe ſhared many years that happineſs which is the reward of virtue. They had ſeveral children, but none ſurvived them; and Meliſſa, upon the death of her huſband, which happened about ſeven years ago, retired wholly from town to her eſtate in the country, where ſhe lived beloved, and died in peace.

MEMENTO TO TRAVELLERS.

IT was an obſervation of Biſhop Corbet, that

All Travellers this heavy Judgment hear!
An handsome hostess makes a Reckoning dear;
Each Word, each Look, your Purses must requite 'em,
And every Welcome adds another ITEM.

In confirmation of this remark of the good biſhop's, I ſend you an account of what happened to me on one of the excurſions into the country, which I generally take at this ſeaſon of the year.

Having taken a pretty extenſive turn in the morning, and my horſe and myſelf being both of a mind with reſpect to baiting, I ſuffered him to turn in with me to the firſt Inn I came to, which happened to be the Caſtle, where I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dreſs, I ſhould have conceived to be ſome gueſt of faſhion, if ſhe had not, upon my alighting, moſt politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and deſired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of her's, together with a look that would have unlooſed the purſe-ſtrings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent œconomical reſolutions of

eating juſt a ſnap of cold meat, and away: of my own accord, I moſt generouſly ordered a chicken to be put down; but my landlady dropping an hint that ſhe herſelf had not dined, I could not reſiſt the temptation of deſiring the pleaſure of her company to eat with me, which ſhe readily accepted; and, on her obſerving that the chickens were very ſmall and nice, and to be ſure I muſt be hungry after my ride, I conſented to have a couple of them done.

She then aſked me in a moſt bewitching manner, if I choſo to drink any thing; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet ſhe enticed me to toſs up a glaſs of cherry to get me an appetite, which, before ſhe had concluded I could not want, and ſhe had even the complaiſance to pledge me.

When dinner was ſerved up, I was ſurpriſed to ſee a diſh of eels brought in; and, on my ſaying, that I fancied the cook had made a miſtake, ſhe moſt civilly begged ten thouſand pardons, and ſaid ſhe thought I had ordered them; but added, that indeed ſhe did not doubt but I ſhould like them, and for her own part, ſhe was exceſſively fond of them.

As that was the caſe, I could by no means conſent

ſent to their being taken away; and, after we had done with the fiſh and chicken, a diſh of tarts ſpontaneouſly made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command.

My kind landlady made me taſte this, and inſiſted upon helping me to another, which ſhe aſſured me was moſt excellent, till ſhe had either forced upon me, or taken to herſelf a bit out of each ſort.

I ſhould have told you, that, during dinner, beſides the uſual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, rheniſh, mountain, liſbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even riſe from table herſelf to make me a cup, at which ſhe declared ſhe had a moſt excellent hand.

When the cloth was removed, I could not but aſk her, what ſhe choſe to drink; to which ſhe modeſtly anſwered, whatever I liked, at the ſame time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than ſhe had.

However, I thought proper to diſregard all her hints of that kind, and ordered a ſimple bottle of port.

When this was brought, I aſked if I ſhould help her; ſhe told me ſhe never touched that ſort of wine; ſo that I could not but call for a pint of liſbon which ſhe liked better.

She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to ſuffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could drink a glaſs or two herſelf; but, finding me inflexible on that head, ſhe compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to conſent to our having a flaſk of Florence, the beſt that ever was taſted. I need not tell you, gentlemen, the agreeable chat, or the pleaſing familiarities, that paſſed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horſe; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleaſure firſt to drink a diſh of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was alſo added, though I did not touch a drop. In ſhort gentlemen, her behaviour was ſo engaging, her looks ſo inviting and her artifices ſo inveighing, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the juſtneſs of Biſhop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed as I had ordered a ſuperfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the ſake of my hoſteſs's ſweet company, I think

think that the bill, inſtead of the uſual articles of bread and beer,—chickens—and wine, &c. might have been made out thus:

	£.	s.	d.
For a low courteſy,	0	1	0
Item, a ſmile,	0	1	6
Item, an ogle,	0	2	6
Item, a ſqueeze by the hand,	0	4	0
Item, a tap of the cheek,	0	5	6
Item, a kiſs,	0	10	6
Kindly welcome, Sir, to Betty or the waiter,	0	1	0
Horſe,	0	1	0
Sum total, £.	1	7	0

Juſt a moidore! a tolerable ſum for an occaſional baiting on the road!

For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to ſet my foot in an Inn, where the landlady is not as old and as ugly as mother Shipton.

On MUSIC.

HAIL power divine! whoſe perſuaſive charms
Awake the ſoul to harmony and love;
Whilſt on the wings of agile thought it ſoars
To its Almighty Source, who ſits enthron'd
Immenſely diſtant from this mortal bourn,
Tho' felt by all, acknowledg'd, and ador'd,
Whence pleaſure, free from baſe infection, flows,
To feed with hope the immortal part of man,
And eaſe the obtruding woes of ling'ring age!
Music has charms to ſooth the brow of care,
Abſorb the cauſe, and diſſipate the gloom:
Feſtive mirth reſumes her wonted ſeat,
Revels at large and ſmiles without controul;
It turns the ſavage breaſt from direful deeds
To thoſe more pure, as ſwell the myſtick notes,
And lull to ſleep thoſe impious paſſions
Which ſo demoniac prove againſt mankind!
If thus the jarring ſounds below can do,
What then muſt heavenly cadence prove?
Where Seraphims, in ſhining order rang'd,
Ten thouſand trumpets, high exalted, blow,
Joined by the muſick of the cherub band,
Who mingle voice with their melodious harps,
Making the grand empyreal dome reſound
With peerleſs ſymphony of harmonious ſound,

While

While Angels low in adoration bend,
To offer up their pure and hallow'd ſong
Before the throne of their tremendous GOD!
Origin of bliſs, and power infinite!
Oh! plenitude divine; exub'rant ſtate!
May we prepare, with one accordant voice,
The ſolemn pomp and faintly hoſt to meet,
To live in boundleſs and immortal joy,
When worlds diſſolve, and time ſhall be no more!

THE

FOLLOWING REMARKABLE ANECDOTE,

Of the Celebrated Voltaire,

As Related by One who was intimately acquainted with Him.

EVERY one who viſited Ferney during the life-time of that great genius, knows that he had a curious hanging writing-deſk within the curtains of his bed, with two candles conſtantly burning, and all the apparatus for writing, and containing ſuch papers as he had occaſion to refer to. This deſk was conſtructed in ſuch a manner, that he could let it up and down as he pleaſed, ſo that when he did not want to uſe it, by drawing it up, no light appeared upon his pillow to interrupt his repoſe.

repoſe. One night, by ſome accident, as it is ſuppoſed, one of the candles fell out of its ſocket, and ſet fire to the papers upon the deſk; the curtains were preſently in a blaze, and Voltaire narrowly eſcaped with his life. He was, as naturally may be ſuppoſed greatly terrified; but the ſhock of this conflagration was nothing, compared to the anxiety he felt, when he found ſome of his moſt valuable manuſcripts were deſtroyed. It is ſaid that amongſt others there was an Epic poem, which he had been poliſhing for ſome years, and which he had nearly finiſhed.

Whether his death might not be haſtened by this accident I will not pretend to determine: but he took this loſs ſo greatly to heart, that it was the laſt thing he mentioned to me upon taking leave—"Ah! Mon chér Monſieur, (ſaid he with a deep ſigh, and tears ſtanding in his eyes) quelle perte! quelle perte!—jamais a retablir!"

ANECDOTE
OF
COLLEY CIBBER.

CIBBER being at court (when poet Laureat) a few days before the birth-day, Colonel B— (who had a penſion upon the Iriſh eſtabliſhment) ſarcaſtically aſked Colley what his ode would turn upon, as the year had been very barren of ſubjects for poetical flights? "Why, Colonel," replied Cibber, "I have a number of court locuſts in my eye, who are always very plentiful, and I hope in ſuch a dearth of other objects, to give them a flight even beyond Parnaſſus."

SINCERITY.

IN ſpite of all the eulogiums on ſincerity, it is very certain that a ſtrict adherence to it upon all occaſions would be attended with conſequences extremely diſagreeable.

What feuds and animoſities would be kindled in private families if the individuals of which they are compoſed were to ſpeak, without the leaſt re-

ſtraint, what they think of each other; were they, in one word, to be ſincere. By ſincerity the people of all public ſocieties would be conſiderably diſturbed, and even the harmony of the drawing-room itſelf converted into diſcord. Let the moraliſts and divines rail at diſſimulation as long as they pleaſe, we ſhould be brutes without it, and run the riſque of having our bones broken whenever we opened our lips. Can ſincerity contribute to the happineſs of human life? by no means. The weakneſs of human nature give daily and forcible proofs of its inefficacy: in compliance with thoſe weakneſſes men, if they would live with tolerable comfort in the world, muſt keep their real characters concealed behind the curtain of diſſimulation. There are, it muſt be confeſſed, particular conjunctures, in which we may preſume to diſcloſe our thoughts without throwing the perſon we ſpeak to into a paſſion, but it ſurely requires the greateſt delicacy and addreſs to articulate a home truth without giving offence or receiving an affront.

A

Remarkable Anecdote

CONCERNING LORD WILLIAM HOWARD,

Commonly known by the name of Bald Willy,
In the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

IT is ſaid that Lord William was very ſtudious, and wrote much; that once, when he was thus employed, a ſervant came to tell him a priſoner was juſt brought in, and deſired to know what ſhould be done with him. Lord William, vexed at being diſturbed, anſwered peeviſhly, "Hang him." When he had finiſhed his ſtudy he called & ordered the man to be brought before him for examination, but found that his commands had been too literally obeyed.—He was a very ſevere but uſeful man at this time. His dungeon (at Naworth caſtle, Cumberland) inſtills horror: it conſiſts of four dark apartments, three below, and one above, up along ſtair-caſe, all well ſecured: in the uppermoſt is one ring, to which criminals were chained; and the marks of ſeveral others appear, which were, doubtleſs, employed in the ſame manner.

An Honest Man's the noblest Work of God.

LET it be your fervent prayer, that the Gods may grant you an *honeſt mind*, and a *ſound body*, was the ſanguine admonition of a celebrated Pagan Philoſopher, to an illuſtrious pupil in the days of old. And what better word of advice could flow from the mouth of an orthodox chriſtian, though a dignified clergyman, or, indeed, one of our moſt learned and Right Reverend Fathers in God. It was the diſtinguiſhed character of Job in the old teſtament, that *he was an upright man, and eſchewed evil.* And in the new teſtament, the great Author of our religion himſelf has honoured Nathaniel with the glorious character of *one in whoſe mouth there is no guile, and whoſe conſcience was void of offence towards God and towards man.* And to theſe give me leave to add Mr. Pope's laconic character of a virtuous perſon in the following diſtich, which deſerves to be engraved in characters of gold, viz.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod:
An Honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.

Man is compoſed of mind as well as body; and, doubtleſs, the former deſerves at leaſt as much regard

gard and cultivation as the latter. Did a man but believe, or imagine (what however is indiſputably true) that his inclinations and underſtanding are as viſible to all who are acquainted with him as his perſon is, he would take as much care to adorn his mind as he would his body. A gentleman would then be as much aſhamed to give opprobrious language, as to appear in dirty linen; he would be as nice and accurate in the adjuſtment of his words, as of his wig; he would take the ſame pains at leaſt, if not greater, to corrupt or conceal a weakneſs in his ſoul, as to amend or hide a deformity in his body; but ſo far are the generality of mankind from thinking after this manner, that it is reputed a more eſſential part of good breeding to know how to enter a room with an air, and to go out of it with a grace, than to be qualified to ſpeak pertinently, and bear a rational ſhare in the converſation of thoſe whom he makes choice of for his familiar companions.

How is it poſſible to bear the inſolence of Sir John Spruce, who, becauſe he has money in his pocket and a fine laced coat upon his back, idly imagines himſelf, for thoſe paltry motives, the univerſal object of eſteem and admiration, ſays and does things every quarter of an hour, for which all the company (himſelf only excepted) are put to the bluſh,

bluſh, and perfectly aſhamed. Can a man with patience ſee the airs he gives himſelf in ſpeaking French, when every one knows he cannot utter ten words of common ſenſe in his mother-tongue? Would not an Engliſhman be juſtly provoked to hear the ſame perſon cry up the ſoftneſs, the elegance, the copiouſneſs of that tittle-tattle language, and find fault with the roughneſs and barrenneſs of his own; when at the ſame time, he cannot without the aid and aſſiſtance of a ſpelling book write one true line in either? I wiſh likewiſe for my quiet I did not, ſo often as I do, meet with men who can talk for hours together on the good qualities of a favourite monkey, a hound, or a gelding; and yet aſk them the moſt obvious queſtion relative to their own actions, or the actions of any of their ſpecies, and they can make you no reply.

How much more ſatisfactory muſt it be to a man of a ſound mind, and a healthy conſtitution who knows the value of time, and how to improve it, to live retired from the world, and perfectly free from all ſuch noiſe and nonſenſe! A wiſe man (if we may credit Seneca) is never leſs alone than when alone; and the peaſant, if a man of ſenſe, and knows the value and charms of a ſolitary life, is a happier man than the richeſt monarch ever ſet upon a throne: health and peace of mind make

his

his little rural cot, tho' contemptible in the eye of the generality of mankind, not only a comfortable ſituation but in reality a perfect paradiſe.

NEGLECT OF RELIGION.

WHERE religion is neglected there can be no regular or ſteady practice of the duties of morality. The character will be often inconſiſtent; and virtue, placed on a baſis too narrow to ſupport it, will be always looſe and tottering. For ſuch is the propenſity of our nature to vice, ſo numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that ſtronger reſtraints than thoſe of mere reaſon, are neceſſary to be impoſed on man.

The ſenſe of right and wrong, the principle of honour, or the inſtinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withſtand the ſtrength of paſſion. For the heart wounded by ſore diſtreſs, or agitated by violent emotions, ſoon diſcovers, that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is deſtitute of its proper guard—of its firmeſt ſupport—of its chief encouragements. It will ſink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the ſolicitations of guilt.

Humanity

Humanity ſeconded by piety, renders the ſpring from whence it flows of courſe more regular and conſtant. In ſhort, withdraw religion, and you ſhake all the pillars of morality. In every heart you weaken the influence of virtue: and among the multitude, the bulk of mankind, you overthrow its power.

SOLITUDE.

O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude to be alone.

From the general conduct mankind purſue, we ſhould hardly believe that ſolitude is to a good and well-cultivated mind one of it's chief delights. Each member of the buſy crowd ſeems eager to exclude thought, and dreads nothing more than retirement. If, after the buſineſs of the day, ſome leiſure time is left for the noble contemplations of the mind, how is it often employed? With grief have I beheld perſons of improved underſtandings, inſtead of devoting ſuch time to purpoſes worthy of immortal beings, ſit down for hours at an inſipid *card-table!*

The

The man of pleaſure—falſely ſo called—is equally concerned to guard againſt the intruſion of that unwelcome gueſt, reflection. The word ſolitude, conveys to his imagination the moſt dreadful ideas. He is firmly perſuaded, that it muſt deprive him of all the enjoyments of life, and will transform him to a mere miſanthrope. Fatal deluſion! ſolitude will teach him that true felicity he is vainly endeavouring to obtain. When once ſenſible of thoſe pleaſures which are derived from Solitude, he will deſpiſe that vortex of diſſipation wherein he waſted the prime of life, and wonder how a reaſonable being could ſo long be blind to his true happineſs.

I pity the man, who is a ſtranger to ſolitude and ſelfcontemplation; who cannot find within his own mind the moſt ſubſtantial pleaſures! It is in vain that he endeavours to exclude thought by a continued ſeries of diverſions and folly.

There is a ſomething in the mind of man, which ſickens at the repetition of idle amuſements; it is that ſpark of immortality, implanted in his nature by the Divine Author of our exiſtence, which continually reminds us that the ſhort-lived pleaſures of this world are not the fit occupations of a ſoul that muſt exiſt when time ſhall ceaſe.

It is this which directs the attention of man to purſuits conſiſtent with his dignity.

In ſolitude, the mind inſenſibly ſoars beyond the narrow bounds of time and place; views the Deity in his proper character; forms the moſt exalted ideas of his attributes and perfection; and pays the grateful tribute of ſilent adoration. In ſolitude, the mind revolves the hiſtory of the world; conſiders the changes and revolutions of empires; ſees, in imagination, thoſe great men, whoſe names adorn the pages of hiſtory as the enlighteners of mankind; and, in contemplating their illuſtrious actions, feels a glorious emulation to tread in their ſteps. Solitude calms thoſe paſſions that diſturb the human breaſt, and gives us that peace which is ſo congenial to a virtuous mind. Nor is ſolitude attended with a melancholy gloom: though an enemy to exceſſive mirth, it ſtamps ſerenity and dignity on the countenance, and beſtows inward peace to the mind.

It is evident, that ſolitude is fitted to our nature; there are examples of monarchs, and great men, who have quitted, with pleaſure, crowns, exalted ſtations, for a convent or a cottage. In the ordinary courſe of life, we ſee thoſe who have ſpent moſt of their time among the buſtle of mankind, anxious to ſecure a quiet retreat. Thus,

what

what the ſtateman, the man of buſineſs, and the man of pleaſure avoided in the prime of life, as an evil; in the decline, they ſeek after as the only ſolid happineſs on earth.

The man unacquainted with ſolitude, is in an unhappy ſituation: he cannot always be engaged in the buſineſs or pleaſures of the world; times will occur, when he muſt neceſſarily be alone; ſickneſs may overtake him, and he is then miſerable indeed! His vacant mind can yield him no pleaſure; and every reflection is a ſting which gives the moſt acute pain: he ſees the folly of his paſt conduct; and perhaps, for the firſt time, envies the man who is poſſeſſed of a well-formed mind.

Let us make an early acquaintance with ſolitude: it will enable us to paſs through the changing ſcenes of life with peace and pleaſure; thus, when ſickneſs and age ſeize us, we may meet ſolitude, not as an enemy, but as a friend.

ANECDOTE
OF
FOOTE.

SOMETIME after Mr. Foote was married, Lady N. P. made ſome overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam, was an intimate and familiar companion of the late Sir F. B. D. Foote informed his friend of her Ladyſhip's diſpoſition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a ſcheme whereby the Knight might make ſure of her Ladyſhip and her fortune, which was ſaid to be about ninety thouſand pounds, in the funds, beſides other poſſeſſions.

The project was concerted. Mr. Foote informed Lady N. P. that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjurer, in the Old Bailey, who foretold ſuch events as were almoſt incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from ſeveral of his friends ſuch very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened preciſely as had been mentioned by the conjurer, that his incredulity

dulity was not a little ſtaggered. Her Ladyſhip ſnapped at the bait; and the late facetious Jemmy Worſdale was appointed to perſonate the conjurer, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician. Jemmy, being acquainted with her ladyſhip's affairs, told her the moſt remarkable tranſactions, to her great aſtoniſhment. He then acquainted her ladyſhip, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the moſt important of her whole life. Her ladyſhip being very inquiſitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "That ſhe was on the point of being married." "Indeed!" ſaid ſhe: "pray, Mr. Conjurer, to whom?" "I am not," he replied, "at liberty to acquaint you, at preſent, who is the perſon; but I can acquaint you when and where you will ſee him, and point out to you his dreſs." "Bleſs me! tell me, I beg of you." "On Thurſday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there obſerve a tall, fair gentleman, remarkably handſome, dreſſed in blue and ſilver: he will bow to a perſon in your company, the firſt time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your huſband." Her ladyſhip aſked no more queſtions, but reſolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjurer had mentioned.

D——,

D———, appeared dreſſed preciſely as deſcribed; bowed, joined, and, in three days, was married to her ladyſhip.

THE
NEGRO GIRL.

IN a fertile and lonely vale, ſituated on the coaſt of Devonſhire, a humble cottage appeared in the midſt of a grove of trees that ſurrounded it. This peaceful and romantic retirement was calculated to inſpire that pleaſing calm and ſoft tranquility which thoſe who mix in the gay and tumultuous ſcenes of the buſy world never experience. The cottage was now in the poſſeſſion of Mrs. Manſel, a lady whom, in the period of her paſt life, misfortune had marked for her own. She had been brought up under the roof of her parents, but the ſevere and tyrannical diſpoſition of her father, rendered the exiſtence of thoſe who lived with him very unhappy: he had loſt his only ſon while in his infancy, and this contributed in a great meaſure to ſour a temper not naturally good. Her mother was a woman poſſeſſed of uncommon ſenſe and underſtanding, and likewiſe of extraordinary piety: ſhe was careful that her daughter

ſhould

ſhould want none of the advantages a liberal education could beſtow; and was at particular pains to inſtill into her mind thoſe principles of religion which can alone afford true conſolation under the heavy weight of misfortune: which can alone enable the mind to bear with fortitude the calamities incidental to all the human race; and which teach the woe-worn ſoul to ſubmit with pious reſignation to the will of Divine Providence. This excellent mother Mrs. Manſel loſt when ſhe was only ſixteen, her father had never behaved tenderly to her, and ſhe had now to ſuſtain alone the whole of his unkind treatment.—She lived in this ſtate for about two years; the greateſt part of that period ſhe ſpent in ſolitude. At the end of it ſhe became acquainted with Captain Manſel; his diſpoſition and character very much reſembled her own, and his mild and amiable manners, before ſhe was aware of it, made a deep impreſſion on her gentle heart. He was an officer in the army; his good qualities had endeared him to all who were acquainted with him; and had raiſed him to the rank he then held, though only in his twenty-ſecond year. His fortune was not ſplendid, but it was fully adequate to all his deſires, and he was ever ready to relieve the wants of thoſe who ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance. The charms of the lovely Mary had inſenſibly won his affections, and he formed an attachment

ment to her which death alone could diſſolve. With her conſent, he made propoſals to her father; he very readily agreed to their marriage, for as he had never taken any pleaſure in the company of his daughter, to deprive himſelf of it entirely coſt him no ſacrifice. As her mother had left her a moderate fortune, which ſhe was to receive on her marriage, ſhe was put in immediate poſſeſſion of it; but from her father ſhe received nothing but his good wiſhes for her welfare and happineſs. Captain Manſel and his amiable partner lived for three years in as perfect a ſtate of felicity, as this tranſitory life will admit of; during this period Mrs. Manſel had borne one daughter which was the only child they ever had. In her the mild virtues of both her parents ſhone conſpicuouſly: with rapture they ſaw her infant graces daily expanding, and delighted themſelves with the proſpect of ſeeing this promiſing dawn of every virtue break forth into an unclouded day: but, alas! this bright viſion of ideal bliſs was about to be obſcured for ever in darkneſs; and the fair fabric of years of happineſs which they had been raiſing, was on the point of being for ever levelled with the duſt.

Captain Manſel received orders to join his regiment which was ſtationed abroad, he had only

two

two days warning, and departed—never more to return. In three months after his departure, his wife received the melancholy news of his death; —he had fallen in the defence of his country. This was a moſt dreadful ſtroke to her, and it was on this trying occaſion that ſhe was under the neceſſity of exerting all her fortitude: the pangs of affliction may ſhake, but can never totally overpower the fortitude of a mind deeply impreſſed with the ſublime truths of religion. Mrs. Manſel, though dreadfully diſtreſſed at this afflictive ſtroke of Providence, yet reflected that her infant daughter had now no other earthly protector than herſelf, as her father had died ſome time before, leaving her what fortune he poſſeſſed. She devoted her time to the education and inſtruction of her child; and no one was better qualified for ſuch an undertaking; this lovely girl grew up the admiration and delight of all who knew her; but another misfortune was preparing for her mother, if poſſible, more bitter than that ſhe had experienced in the death of her huſband. This amiable and accompliſhed daughter, at the age of eighteen, fell into a conſumption, and at the end of three months died. Thus deprived of her deareſt bleſſings, Mrs. Manſel had no felicity to expect in this world except that which flows from benevolence and charity:—objects on whom to

exerciſe theſe virtues are every where to be met with, and happy are thoſe who have the means and the inclination of exerciſing them.

At this period it was that Mrs. Manſel purchaſed the cottage mentioned in the beginning of this ſtory, where her time was chiefly ſpent alone, but when ſhe went about doing good, and the bleſſings of him that was ready to periſh came upon her, when ſhe cauſed the widows and the orphans hearts to ſing with joy, and found the greateſt ſolace to her own misfortunes in ſoothing and alleviating the miſeries of others. Thus ſhe ſpent her days in the practice of every virtue, and though ſhe ſometimes looked back with an eye of fond regret to the memory of joys that were paſt, yet ſhe often ventured in humble and pious hope, to look forward with the eye of unſhaken faith to a better world, beyond the grave, where friends ſhall part to meet no more. This bright proſpect was her chief ſupport, and with ſuch a proſpect the ſoul can never entirely ſink under the heavy preſſure of affliction. She every day walked out to ſeek for objects of compaſſion and benevolence, and ſeldom returned without having relieved ſome miſerable being. As ſhe was one morning taking her uſual walk, ſhe heard the moans of ſome perſon in diſtreſs: ſhe had only

to

to hear the voice of diſtreſs, immediately to ſeek and find if poſſible the means of relieving it; ſhe went accordingly towards the place from whence ſhe fancied theſe mournful ſounds proceeded, and ſaw indeed an object, who ſeemed, if ever one did, to ſtand in need of relief and aſſiſtance.

That object was a negro girl, who was ſitting by the road ſide in the greateſt miſery. Her tattered garments but ill concealed her waſted form, and her whole appearance beſpoke "variety of wretchedneſs." This was a ſight which muſt have moved the heart of the moſt obdurate; but what was it then to the feeling one of Mrs. Manſel, ever alive to the diſtreſſes of her fellow creatures? She haſtened towards the poor girl—as ſhe approached her ſhe raiſed her eyes, but immediately, on perceiving Mrs. Manſel, caſt them down again with a look of terror and averſion.

She advanced nearer, however, and took hold of her hand. "Unhappy creature," ſaid ſhe to her in a tone of kindneſs, "tell me, I entreat you, why I ſee you in this miſerable condition, and why you are ſo terrified at me?" The girl ſhrunk from her touch, and replied, "How can I look on a white chriſtian but with fear? Torn by wicked white people from my father, my mother, and my own country, and put into a great ſhip from

chriſtian country, with chains about me, that they might bring me to this bad place, to make me a wretched ſlave. Cruel white man, when poor negro have work for him all day in hot ſun, till he almoſt die, at night beat and whip him: oh chriſtian whites not good people." Mrs. Manſel ſaid to her, "I am ſorry that ſo many of my people, who ſay they are chriſtians, ſhould be cruel and unfeeling; but white people are not all bad, there are ſome of them, many of them, who will give bread to poor negroes when they are hungry, who will give them clothes when they are naked, who will inſtruct them when they are ignorant, who will do all theſe for every body that is poor; theſe only are *chriſtians* among white people, and though ſuch as do none of theſe things may call themſelves chriſtians, yet it is only in name they are ſo; if you will go with me, I will take you to my houſe, where, indeed, I do not poſſeſs a great deal, but where I will, with all my heart, give you a ſhare of the little I have, and my bleſſing along with it, come then with me and while I have wherewithal to aſſiſt you, you ſhall never want. The poor girl once more turned her eyes on Mrs. Manſel, no longer expreſſing alarm and averſion, but beaming with gratitude and delight. She claſped her hand in tranſport, "ah, why did I ſay all white people bad? No, no, white chriſtian is good, and you

you muſt be chriſtian, for you are good to a poor wretched negro, like me. I go with you, and though I muſt like go back to my own country, and ſee my father and my mother, yet if you wiſh it, I ſtay with you, I work for you, live for you, and, do you good, die for you." She now, with the help of Mrs. Manſel, aroſe, and they proceeded together towards her houſe. She ſeemed about eighteen years old, and her face, though black, was one of the moſt intereſting ever beheld. Who would, who could have ſaid, at ſight of it, "that creature was not formed of the ſame blood as I am; her ſoul was not made of the ſame materials as mine?" Ah! proud mortal, who vainly boaſteſt of the whiteneſs of thy ſkin, who vainly exulteſt in the *name* of chriſtian, without poſſeſſing any of the ſpirit of chriſtianity; at a future period, that ſoul, though concealed under a dark outſide, was deſtined to underſtand and believe the ſacred truths of the goſpel; and though now clouded with the veil of ignorance and prejudice, to look forward in ſublime hope to a bleſſed and glorious immortality.

With ſome difficulty Mrs. Manſel and her charge reached the cottage. The poor girl was nearly exauſted with weakneſs and fatigue, but with the help of ſome cordials from the kind hand of

of her benefactreſs, ſhe gradually revived, and was able to give ſome account of the condition in which ſhe had been found.

The ſhip ſhe came over in had been wrecked near the coaſt, and ſhe did not know whether a ſingle being but herſelf had been ſaved. As it ſtruck on a rock, ſhe had, with great difficulty, clung to a part of it, from whence ſhe was taken ſome hours afterwards, by thoſe wretches who are ever upon the watch for ſuch accidents. It was with the utmoſt difficulty that ſhe prevailed on them to have compaſſion on her, and relieve her from her perilous ſituation; and, as ſoon as they reached the ſhore, they abandoned her. In that forlorn and helpleſs condition, ſhe wandered about for three days, ſeeking a ſcanty pittance of clothes or food from door to door; theſe were ſcarce ever given, and when by her miſerable appearance, ſhe had obtained either of them, they were accompanied with an inſult on the colour of her ſkin. Is it a matter of aſtoniſhment then, that this poor creature ſhould look with terror and dread on white people, from whom ſhe had received ſuch repeated cruelties! but her ſufferings were now at an end, as her kind and benevolent friend left her nothing to wiſh for, but ſhe would ſometimes caſt a "lingering look behind" to her parents and her native country.

Mrs.

Mrs. Manſel found the moſt complete ſatisfaction ſhe had ever experienced ſince the misfortune of her paſt life, in inſtructing and informing the mind of this young creature, who received with eager tranſports the leſſons of her teacher, and ſhe had the glorious hope of reſtoring, at the laſt day, into the hands of its creator, that moſt ineſtimable of all jewels, a human ſoul, as guiltleſs and innocent as when it was committed to her truſt; but which, by her, under the bleſſing of heaven, had been purified from the droſs which then concealed its value, and made to glow in all the unclouded luſtre of the chriſtian religion.

The gratitude of Mary (Mrs. Manſel had given her her own name) was unbounded, and her love for her friend daily leſſoned her wiſh to return home again. Mrs. Manſel often told her if ſhe deſired to return, that ſhe would ſend her back free of every expence, but Mary could not prevail on herſelf to part from her kind protectreſs. She was improving every day, and her progreſs was aſtoniſhing; ſhe read the bible, and believed all the ſacred truths contained in it: ſhe believed that there was a Saviour and truſted to him for ſalvation. Mrs. Manſel employed her on her errands of charity, which were very numerous, and the heart of Mary was never ſo tranſported as it

was

was when ſhe was ſent to ſoothe the cares and relieve the diſtreſſes of the dependents on Mrs. Manſel's bounty. Three years paſſed in this manner, during which Mary improved in every virtue, and was quite happy in her condition, but Mrs. Manſel was once more deſtined to be left a ſolitary being in her little cottage. Thoſe eyes, which had ſo often expreſſed the effuſions of a grateful heart, were about to be cloſed in death; that tongue which ſhe had taught to ſpeak the praiſes of its maker, was ſoon to be ſilent in the tomb, and the hands which had learnt from her to raiſe themſelves in humble ſupplication at the throne of grace, were, ere long, to become "clods of the valley."

Poor Mary was ſeized with the ſmall pox; they were of the worſt kind, and ſpite of all the tender care and attention of her friend, and the beſt aſſiſtance that could be procured, ſhe was, in a few days, pronounced paſt recovery. When ſhe found her end approaching, ſhe took hold of the hand of Mrs. Manſel, who never left her bedſide, and thus addreſſed her:

"My much loved, my adored benefactreſs, had it pleaſed heaven to have granted me a long life, I could not have had ſufficient time, in the whole of it, to expreſs the gratitude which I owe to thee for

for the ineſtimable bleſſings which I have received through your means. From thee I learnt that I poſſeſſed an immortal ſoul, a ſoul capable of being exalted to eternal bliſs, or ſunk to everlaſting miſery: it was thou who did'ſt point out to me the road to that bliſs, and the means of attaining to it. It was thy kind care which firſt cauſed the dawn of a chriſtian day to ariſe on my gloomy and benighted ſoul. It grieves my heart to leave thee, my beloved friend; but we do not, I truſt, part never to meet again. There is a day, when, as I have been taught, every human being ſhall ariſe out of their graves: then thoſe who have fed the hungry, who have clothed the naked, who have viſited the ſick, who have inſtructed the ignorant, ſhall be made partakers of eternal felicity. Thou, my adored benefactreſs, haſt done all theſe, done them to me, whom thou didſt find, a poor, ſtarving, naked, dying, ignorant wretch, and, Oh! may everlaſting bleſſings be thy reward."

Saying theſe words, Mary cloſed her eyes, and, in a few minutes, her ſoul departed from its earthly manſion. "Farewel, thou pure and innocent ſpirit," ſaid Mrs. Manſel, laying down the hand which till the laſt moment had claſped her's: thou will now, I truſt, enjoy the reward of thy virtuous and ſpotleſs life." Thus ended the days of Mary.

Ah! mortals, if ye could conceive for a moment the raptures which would glow in your boſoms at beholding a ſoul, which by your kind care and benevolence, had been inſtructed in the chriſtian religion, take its departure for a better world: if you could form an idea of the praiſes which you would receive beyond the grave, how would you exult in being the inſtrument of a work ſo divine! Such was the exalted felicity of Mrs. Manſel. She regretted, it is true, the loſs of her amiable companion, but her conſolation was not derived from this world. She ſpent the remainder of her days as ſhe had ſpent her whole life, in performing every chriſtian duty; and when ſhe died, the tears of love, regret, and gratitude bedewed her grave.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late ſiege of Gibraltar, in the abſence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a centry, whoſe poſt was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spaniſh lines, was ſtanding at the end of his walk, whiſtling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and ſword, miners, breaching, ſtorming and bloodſhed! By the ſide of his box

box ſtood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his ſupper, conſiſting of boiled peas: a large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's ſilence, and allured by the ſmell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and endeavouring to get at its contents, thruſt his head ſo far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it: at this inſtant the ſoldier turned round, and came whiſtling towards his box, the monkey, unable to get clear of it, ſtarted up to run off with the jug, ſticking on his head; this terrible apparition no ſooner ſaluted the eyes of the centry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirſty, Spaniſh granadier, with a moſt tremendous high cap on his head, full of this dreadful idea, he inſtantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had ſcaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, ſignal guns fired, and in leſs than ten minutes the governor and his whole garriſon were under arms. The ſuppoſed granadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almoſt blinded by the peas, was ſoon overtaken and ſeized, and by his capture, the tranquillity of the garriſon was reſtored, without that ſlaughter and bloodſhed, which every man had prognoſticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

THE

WAYS to raiſe a FORTUNE;

OR THE

Art of growing Rich.

LET a man be ever ſo ſkilful in merchandize, or anxious in trade, he muſt never expect to acquire riches, if he be not *thrifty, diligent, and methodical.* And *thrift, diligence, and method in buſineſs,* ſeldom fail to raiſe a man's fortune in every condition of life.

Should I take upon me to record thoſe individuals that have grown rich by thriftineſs only, within the memory of a man, and the compaſs of our acquaintance, it would be more than my profeſſed brevity could allow. Every reader, no doubt, can furniſh himſelf with an example of a carpenter, a ſhoemaker, a taylor, and other inferior tradeſmen, who by *thrift* have gained the reputation of rich men. And I am perſuaded, that there are very few, who, if they pleaſe to recollect their paſt lives, will not find, that had they laid up all thoſe little ſums they have ſpent in coach hire, plays, ridottoes, and at the tavern, or other places of chargeable reſort, they would have found themſelves

ſelves at preſent, maſters of a competent fortune, rather than in need of an act of inſolvency.

Diligence is always a neceſſary and natural companion of *thrift*, and therefore the Italians, who are very happy in their *proverbial* conciſeneſs, recommends them *both* to common uſe, in the following lines.

Never do that by proxy, which you can do yourſelf,
Never defer that 'till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.
Never neglect ſmall matters and expences.

And that *method of business* is another great means of obtaining riches, even by men of the meaneſt capacities, there can be no doubt, when we often ſee men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, amaſſing great treaſures by a regular and orderly diſpoſition of their buſineſs, and men of the greateſt parts and moſt lively imaginations puzzling their affairs and declining in their ſubſtance for want of method.

—I muſt therefore be of that great ſtateman's (De Wit) opinion, who attributed the whole art of diſpatching a multitude of affairs well, to the doing *one thing at once*. If, ſays he, I have any neceſſary

neceſſary diſpatches to make, I think of nothing elſe till thoſe are finiſhed; if any domeſtic affairs require my attention, I give myſelf wholly up to them, till they are ſet in order.

Has not providence therefore, ſo ordered it, that every man of good common ſenſe, may, if he pleaſes, in his particular ſtation of life, moſt certainly be rich? And the reaſon why men of the greateſt learning and accompliſhments are not ſo, is not to be aſcribed to an over-ruling fate; but either to their preferring ſomething elſe to wealth; or to their not being content to get an eſtate, unleſs they can do it in their own way, and at the ſame time conſume it upon their vices, and unneceſſary gratifications of unbounded appetites.

However theſe are only the ordinary forms of growing rich, which may be practiſed by all perſons with ſucceſs. But there are other methods found out by hungry and ingenious men. It is an old and true proverb, that *necessity is the mother of invention.* Thus we read of a famous *Italian* comedian *Scaramouche*, who, being reduced to want at *Paris*, got a very conſiderable ſubſiſtence by ſelling ſnuff, which he acquired by faſhionably begging a pinch out of every one's ſnuff box. And we are all witneſſes, that ſeveral fortunate men,

men, who could not live on their large paternal estates, draw a great deal of money from the public by their inventions, and will remain everlasting monuments, that there is room for genius as well in getting riches, as in all other circumstances of life. But even in this light there must be *thrift* and *diligence* to acquire and preserve what every one seeks and *obtains*.

But to pass over the men that live by their wits, we ought to prefer trade as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, for we all know that there are more and greater estates got on the *Exchange*, than at court. And I believe the number would still much increase, were it not for the misconduct of those traders, who by their vicious lives, neglect of business, prodigality, or incapacity for trade, frustrate the happy means, which a kind providence has put into their power to make them rich.

Therefore to make use of the words of an eminent citizen, published lately in one of our newspapers.

When I see a young fellow just set up in trade, with his footman, his brace of geldings, his country house and his mistress, or taking a tour round the town, in order to come more secretly into the

neighbourhood

neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, a conſtant attendant on play-houſes, and a critic on plays and players, a beau in his dreſs, and a blockhead in his intellects, loitering away the day in coffee-houſes, and the evening in St. James's-Street or in taverns; I may be allowed to conclude that his mind is run away from his buſineſs, and, in return, that his trade is playing truant with him. Thoſe who ſo conduct themſelves are ſurely much to blame; but perhaps not more than the incautious merchant who truſts them. Next to this, tho' not equally criminal, is the vanity of trading deep, before their heads are well ſettled for trading at all. A man in this caſe may attend to his buſineſs with all imaginable care and anxiety; yet ruin himſelf, and injure all concerned with him. This wrong turn of mind ſprings from an idle deſire of growing rich in a hurry (for I will not preſume a worſe motive for its ſource) imagining, I ſuppoſe, that all happineſs centers in wealth; and ſuch men will hardly believe, that it is better to be rich at fifty years of age than at thirty. The notion of growing rich in haſte, has thrown trade under moſt of the inconveniences wherewith it now labours, by creating a kind of random credit, under-ſelling, ill finiſhed commodities, &c. But this is one of the phantoms that flies the over-arduous purſuer, and makes him embrace a cloud

for

for *Juno*. Our moſt experienced traders rarely grow rich on a ſudden. They generally find much wealth, fairly acquired, and old age come together; which they who have more ſpirit, and leſs judgment, commonly attain to in rags and beggary.

ANECDOTES
OF THE
BULLEN FAMILY.

SIR William Bullen of Norfolk, ſon and heir of Sir Geoffrey Bullen, lord mayor of London, and Ann, eldeſt daughter and coheireſs to Thomas, lord Hoo and Haſtings, marrying Margaret, eldeſt daughter and coheireſs of the Ormond family, New-hall, in Eſſex, came to him in right of this amiable lady, the lively picture of her mother. His ſon and heir, Thomas Bullen, ſucceeded to this lordſhip; he married lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. His daughter Ann was bred and born at New-hall; with an early deſire of knowledge—a mind ſuſceptible of all improvements in polite literature, and an exquiſite taſte for the fine arts

—ſhe had a moſt elegant figure, the moſt endearing and graceful manners, and a charming vivacity. She received an education adapted to her genius and diſpoſition, and before ſhe attained the fourteenth year of her age, ſhe ſpoke fluently French, Latin and Italian, and underſtood Greek—was well verſed in hiſtory—became a great proficient in muſic and painting, and danced to admiration. The court of Francis I. who had tranſplanted the arts from Italy, was then in the dawn of ſplendor, politeneſs and gallantry. Ann Bullen had accompanied her father there in the retinue of the princeſs Mary of England. After the death of that monarch, Ann Bullen was prevailed on, by the ducheſs of Alencon, the king's ſiſter, to remain in France on the footing of her *Dametatour* and companion. She inbibed from that princeſs the new opinions of Luther, and having declined at the French court ſeveral honourable matches, ſhe returned to England, at her father's earneſt deſire, in the year 1527. She ſpent all the ſummer at New-Hall, and the next winter ſhe made her appearance at court, envied, cenſured, and imitated by all the young ladies of taſte and faſhion. As ſhe was the daughter of a gentleman of diſtinction, though not of the nobility, ſhe was appointed maid of honour to the queen; her beauty ſurpaſſed what had hitherto appeared at this voluptuous

tuous court; her features were regular, mild, and attractive; her ſtature elegant, though below the middle ſize, while her wit and vivacity even exceeded the allurements of her perſon. The king, who never reſtrained one paſſion which he deſired to gratify, ſaw and loved her; but after ſeveral efforts to induce her to comply with his criminal paſſion he found that without marriage he could have no hope of ſucceeding. The king was faithleſs, and the queen diſagreeable, and this was the real motive of his divorce.—The queen made Havering, in Eſſex, her ſummer reſidence, in the year 1620. There ſhe gave a royal banquet to Meſſieurs de Montmorency, de Monpeſac, de Moy, and de Morat, the four French hoſtages for the reſtitution of Tournay, in caſe the conditions ſtipulated ſhould not be performed. The King treated both them and the Queen, with his Siſter Mary, Queen Dowager of France, then comfort to the Duke of Suffolk, at his manor of Newhall, which he had lately got by exchange from Sir Thomas Bullen: after a ſumptuous repaſt, he entertained them with a groteſque maſquerade, exhibited by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorſet, the Earl of Eſſex, the Lord Abergaveny, Sir Richard Weſton, & Sir William Kingſton, the youngeſt of whom was at leaſt fifty years of age, that the ladies might ſee what power beauty had

to make old men young again. He kept the feaſt of St. George there with great ſolemnity, in 1524.

In the year 1529, Henry went privately to New-hall in autumn, and ſent for Sir Thomas Bullen, to whom he declared his paſſion for his daughter, and his fixed reſolution to marry her; pretending that his conſcience rebuked him, for having ſo long lived in inceſt with his preſent queen, formerly his brother's wife. Sir Thomas replied to the King, "I wiſh this match may prove as happy as it will be honourable to my family."

Ann Bullen came afterwards to New-hall to meet her father; Henry no longer appeared in the character of the intended ſeducer of her innocence, but as the admirer and protector of her virtue. She was conſpicuous for her elegance and preciſion in the epiſtolary ſtile. In a letter dated at New-hall the 26th of December, of the ſame year after her father had been created earl of Wiltſhire and Ormond, and appointed lord privy ſeal, ſhe wrote the following lines:

"If your grace exults in the conqueſt of modeſty and virtue, it is not the monarch, but the man I love and honour. Though born in a private ſtation, and raiſed far beyond my aſpiring thoughts and my deſert, within the dazzling proſ-

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pect of a crown, I ſhould be wretched in the ſummit of honours, was your affection for me ever to change or diminiſh. I hope you will find always the woman you chuſe for your conſort act and think like a queen. New-hall has loſt all its charms ſince you left it.

Yours for ever,

Ann Bullen."

She was created marchioneſs of Pembroke, and accompanied the king in his interview with Francis I. at Boulogne. Henry was privately married to her after his return, two months before his marriage with Catherine was diſſolved, and though her prudence and her virtue demanded eſteem in the former parts of her conduct, yet ſhe forgot at New-hall the ties of each, and gave a looſe to her triumph. She enjoyed little more than three years her glory and proſperity, during which ſhe frequently viſited New-hall, moſt commonly with the king.

The queen gave there a magnificent feaſt and a ſplendid ball, after the birth of her daughter Elizabeth; and her deportment on this occaſion was too frank and too unguarded to ſcreen her from the imputation of levity and indiſcretion. Henry began to be cloyed with poſſeſſion, after ſhe was delivered of a dead male child, to the unſpeakable

diſappointment

diſappointment of the king; indeed, the only deſire he ever had for her, was that brutal appetite which enjoyment ſoon deſtroys.

He was about this time captivated by the beauty of Jane Seymour, a maid of honour to the queen. When the queen's enemies perceived the king's diſguſt, they ſoon gave him an opportunity to gratify his inclinations, by accuſing her of ſundry intrigues with her domeſtics, and inceſt with lord Rochfort, her own brother. She, who had been once the envied object of royal favour, was now going to give a new inſtance of the capriciouſneſs of fortune! She had diſtributed in the laſt year of her life not leſs than fifteen thouſand pounds among the poor, and was at once their protector and darling. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, behaving with the utmoſt decency and reſolution, and ſeemed to be guilty of no other crime but that of having ſurvived the king's affections, and by chearful diſpoſition diſguſting the gloomy tyrant.—The very day after her execution, he married Jane Seymour.

A

Miſtreſs and a Wife compared.

AS I have a juſt honour for the truly rational and virtuous ſtate of matrimony, which to conſider it merely as a political inſtitution, I look upon as the beſt ſcheme for morals, poſterity, and mutual happineſs, that could be poſſibly contrived; I ſhall in this paper, by way of compariſon between a married and a libertine life, ſhew the advantages that a miſtreſs has over a wife: not, however, with the leaſt deſign of giving the preference to the former, but by way of aſſiſting the latter to frame certain rules for her own ſafe conduct, through this ſtate of trial and probation.

Men have been often ſaid to be more fond, and more under the influence of miſtreſſes, than of wives; in general, I believe this obſervation is true, and for the following reaſons.

Men are apt to flatter themſelves that women ſeldom ſacrifice their chaſtity, except to love alone, and ſo become the fond dupes of their too credulous vanity.

The lover's ſtay is ſhort, he leaves his miſtreſs with a regret which urges a quick return. Their whole time is paſſed in meeting and parting intervals,

vals, the tendereſt moments of a lover's life. She fond, and he grateful, mutually conferring and returning obligations, the ſtrongeſt cements of endearing affections. No joint property, or common intereſt between them, from whence domeſtic ſtrife too often ariſes. The part a miſtreſs has to act, is ſhort; ſo that leſs merit and addreſs may enable her to perform with applauſe.

The miſtreſs exhibits herſelf only to the ſtage, the wife is ſeen in the green room. She adjuſts her dreſs, looks, and behaviour, for the appointed hour. A watch may go very well for an evening, that might loſe time in the whole day. A miſtreſs leſſens her power, as ſhe approaches to a wife. A perſon once told me that he had quitted one, whom he was then fond of, becauſe ſhe had become ſo interfering and domineering, that he began to find no difference between her and a wife, *except the ſin of fornication.*

In ſhort, the œconomy of matrimony, on the wife's part, ſhould be to imitate the manners of a miſtreſs, in order to preſerve her empire. A friend of mine, ſpeaking to me one day about his wife, aſſured me that ſhe was ſo much unlike one, in every particular, ſave modeſty and frugality, that if a law ſhould happen to be framed to aboliſh marriage, he would court her again as a miſtreſs.

On

On the other hand, huſbands ſhould be alſo careful to keep up a ſpirit of gallantry towards their wives, in order to preſerve, on both ſides, thoſe elegant bands of union, politeneſs, and fond ſenſations. They ſhould avoid that careleſs and ſlovenly air, into which men are apt to degenerate after marriage. They ſhould even dreſs for them with as much attention, as when they were lovers; for chaſtity is no preſervative againſt diſguſt; and though virtue alone may inſure the fidelity of a wife, the huſband's merits alone can retain her affections. How dull, how indelicate an obligation is mere duty?—But when duty and affection are united, the marriage-knot, like the double ties in muſic, gives a briſker ſpirit to the concert.

The ancient Romans had ſuch refined ſentiments with regard to this point, that they prohibited the donations of eſtates between man and wife, in order to prevent their being influenced by leſs free or generous principles than mutual tenderneſs and the ſympathy of hearts.

Surely a wife is an object worthy of *les petits ſoins*, the moſt trifling attentions, as well as of the greater conjugal duties, and it is by theſe leſſer aſſiduities, and conſtant attentions, and ſmall offices, tho' unimportant in themſelves, that a ſincere paſſion diſcovers itſelf, more than by the

higheſt acts of liberality and kindneſs: for love, diſtinct from every other paſſion, ſhews itſelf more in trifles, than in things of conſequence.

When ever a married pair begin to betray an indifference towards theſe ſmaller cares, we may venture to pronounce that their attachment will not be of a long duration: this delicate ſentiment, like chaſtity, is totally forfeited by the firſt ſlip: injured in the moſt diſtant part, like Achilles, wounded in the heel, it languiſhes—it expires.

The ſocial commerce of friendſhip far excells all other ſublunary connections, the conjugal one only excepted: which like the union of ſoul and body, is a mutual ſolace, an interchangeable ſupport in this life; and like that myſtic context, alſo, a juſt deportment therein affords, moreover the ſureſt earneſt, and moſt enlivening hope of happineſs hereafter.

ANECDOTE

OF

Tom King the Comedian.

SOME time ſince, Tom King (the comedian), one of Thalia's greateſt favourites, but whoſe cauſe the blind Goddeſs had never till now eſpouſed

eſpouſed, meeting with a certain ſporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom ſoon loſt his firſt ſtake, and with much reſignation, eat his ſupper and drank his bottle. His adverſary, however, after ſupper, propoſed to him a ſecond main, which Tom at firſt refuſed engaging in, ſaying, He had not, he believed, money enough about him to anſwer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adverſary. His word was ſufficient for a hundred times the ſum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thouſand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, was a very good one, had ſat up all night, as uſual, after having ſent every where in ſearch of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her enquiries were naturally very preſſing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out ſo long; to all which he made no anſwer, but by very peremptorily ſaying, 'Bring me a bible!'—"A bible!" ſhe re-echoed with ſome ejaculation; "I hope you have not poiſoned yourſelf?" 'Bring me a bible,' continued Tom. "I ſuppoſe you've loſt ſome great ſum; but never mind, we can work for more."—'Bring me a bible, I ſay,' ſtill uttered the impatient Tom. "Good

Lord! what can be the matter?" ſays Mrs. King; "I don't believe there's ſuch a thing in the houſe, without it be in the maid's room." Thither ſhe went, and found part of one without a cover, when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a moſt fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; and ſhe all the while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which ſhe conſidered this as the effuſion, owing to ſome conſiderable loſs. When he had finiſhed and roſe up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table, ſaying, 'There, my dear, there's fourteen hundred pounds I've won to night, and I ſhall receive a thouſand more by to-morrow noon; and I'll be d——d if I ever riſk a guinea of it again.'

THE VIRTUOSO,

OR,

FILIAL TENDERNESS.

DR. Coral was educated in the ſtudy of phyſic, and took his degree in that ſcience; but having a greater paſſion for what is curious, than for what is uſeful, he degenerated from a phyſician into a virtuoſo. The country, in which he ſettled, ſoon

ſoon obſerved that the Doctor was more diſpoſed to examine the veins of the earth, than to feel the pulſe of a patient: His practice of courſe declined; but he was happily enabled to live without the aid of his profeſſion, by the affluent fortune of his wife. She was a lady of a mild and engaging character, but of a delicate conſtitution, and, dying in child bed, left him an only daughter, whom he called Theodora. The Doctor was by no means a man of warm paſſions, and never entertained an idea of marrying again; though a female ſofiliſt once endeavoured to work upon his foible, and to entice him into ſecond nuptials, by an artful hint, that an union of their two cabinets would enhance the value of both. Indeed, he had little or no occaſion for conjugal aſſiſtance; for, being himſelf a moſt active ſpirit he not only diſcharged thoſe common offices of life, which belong to the maſter of a family but, was able and willing to direct or execute all the minuter domeſtic buſineſs, which is generally conſidered within the female department. His activity, though, from the want of an enlarged underſtanding, it waſted itſelf on trifles, ſupported the chearfulneſs of his temper. He was, indeed, frequently officious, but always benevolent. Though he had ceaſed to practiſe phyſic at the ſummons of the wealthy, he was eager, at all times, to afford every kind of relief to

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the ſufferings of the poor. He was gentle and indulgent to his ſervants, and as fond of his little daughter as a virtuoſo can be of any living and ordinary production of nature. Theodora diſcovered, in her childhood, a very intelligent ſpirit, with peculiar ſweetneſs of temper. As ſhe grew up, ſhe diſplayed a ſtriking talent for the pencil, and particularly endeared herſelf to her father, by ſurpriſing him with a very accurate and ſpirited delineation of three of the moſt precious articles in his cabinet; a compliment which ſo warmed the heart of the delighted old naturaliſt, that he declared he would give her five thouſand pounds on the day of her marriage. No one doubted his ability to fulfil ſuch a promiſe; for though he had ſquandered conſiderable ſums on many uſeleſs baubles, he was, in all common articles of expence, ſo excellent a manager, that, inſtead of injuring, he had increaſed his fortune; and from this circumſtance he was generally believed to be much richer than he really was. Theodora had now reached the age of nineteen, and, though not a beauty, ſhe had an elegant perſon, and a countenance peculiarly expreſſive of ſenſible good-nature. Her heart was ſo very affectionate, that it not only led her to love her father moſt tenderly, but even to look upon his whimſical hobby-horſe with a partial veneration. This ſingularity of ſentiment

timent contributed very much to their mutual happineſs and rendered our gentle and ingenious damſel not ſo eager to eſcape from the cuſtody of a fanciful old father, as young ladies of faſhion very frequently appear: Yet, happy as ſhe was, Theodora admitted the viſits of a lover, who had the addreſs to ingratiate himſelf with Dr. Coral. This lover was a Mr. Blandford, a young man of acute underſtanding and poliſhed manners, ſettled in London as a banker, and ſuppoſed to be wealthy. He had been introduced to Miſs Coral at an aſſembly, and ſoon afterwards ſolicited the honour of her hand for life.

The doctor, who was remarkably frank in all pecuniary affairs, very candidly told the young gentleman, what he intended for his daughter, declaring, at the ſame time, that he left her entirely at he own diſpoſal; but, either from the favourable opinion he entertained himſelf of Mr. Blandford, or perhaps from ſome expreſſions of approbation which had fallen from his daughter, the doctor was very firm in his belief, that the match would take place; and, being alert in all his tranſactions, he actually prepared his five thouſand pounds for the bridegroom, before there was any immediate proſpect of a wedding. Theodora was certainly prejudiced in favour of Mr.

Blandford

Blandford; yet, whether ſhe really felt a reluctance to forſake her indulgent father, or whether ſhe conſidered it as dangerous to accept a huſband on ſo ſhort an acquaintance, ſhe had hitherto given no other anſwer to his addreſſes, but that ſhe thought herſelf too young to marry.

Blandford conſidered this reply as nothing more than a modeſt preliminary to a full ſurrender of her perſon, and continued his ſiege with increaſing aſſiduity. In this very critical ſtate of affairs, Dr. Coral was ſummoned to a diſtance by a letter from a friend, who announced to him the death of a brother virtuoſo, with a hint that the Doctor might enrich himſelf by the purchaſe of a very choice collection of the moſt valuable rarities, which, if he was quick enough in his application, he might poſſibly obtain by a private contract. For this purpoſe, his correſpondent had incloſed to him a letter of recommendation to the executors of the deceaſed collector.

This was a temptation that Dr. Coral could not reſiſt. Without waiting for the return of his daughter, who was abroad on an evening viſit, he threw himſelf into a poſt chaiſe, and travelled all night, to reach the manſion of his departed brother in the courſe of the following day. He was received very cordially by a relation of the deceaſed,

ceaſed, and ſurveyed with avidity and admiration innumerable curioſities, of which he panted to become the poſſeſſor. But as the collection was very various and extenſive, the Doctor began to tremble at the idea of the ſum, which the proprietors would unqueſtionably demand for ſo peerleſs a treaſure. The delight, with which his whole frame was animated in ſurveying it, ſufficiently proved that he had a high ſenſe of its value, and precluded him from the uſe of that profound and ingenious art, ſo honourably practiſed by the moſt intelligent perſons in every rank of life, I mean the art of vilifying the object which they deſign to purchaſe. Dr. Coral, after commending moſt of the prime articles with a generous admiration, demanded, with that degree of heſitation which anxiety produces, if any price had been ſettled for the whole collection. The gentleman, who attended him, enlarged on the great trouble and expence with which his departed relation had amaſſed this invaluable treaſure, and concluded a very elaborate harangue in its praiſe, by informing the Doctor, that he might become the happy maſter of the whole on the immediate payment of three thouſand five hundred pounds. The Doctor was more encouraged than diſmayed by the mention of this ſum; for, in the firſt place, the price was really moderate; and, ſecondly, he

had the comfortable knowledge, that he had the power of inſtantly ſecuring to himſelf theſe manifold ſources of delight. But the comfort ariſing from this aſſurance was immediately deſtroyed by the reflection, that all his ready money was devoted to the approaching marriage of his daughter; and his parental affection combating, with ſome little ſucceſs, againſt his paſſion for curioſities, the good Doctor had almoſt reſolved to relinquiſh all ideas of the purchaſe. Unluckily, he took a ſecond ſurvey of the choiceſt rarities, and met with an article which had been accidentally miſlaid, and overlooked in his firſt view of the collection—perhaps its preſent effect upon him was the greater from this caſual delay; certain it is, that this additional rarity fell with an amazing force on the wavering balance of his mind; it entirely overſet his prudential affectionate reſolution, and, haſtily ſeizing a pen, which lay ready in a maſſive ink-ſtand of a curious and antique form, he inſtantly wrote a draught upon his banker for the three thouſand five hundred pounds.

At this paſſage of my little work, I foreſee that many an honeſt ſpinſter, who may be reading it to her companions, will pauſe for a moment, and expreſs an eager deſire to know what this wonderful rarity could be. When I inform her it was a very

very little box, containing the uneatable product of a tree, ſhe may, perhaps, imagine it a pip of the very apple which tempted our inconſiderate grandmother:—Eve, indeed, may be ſaid to have inſtituted the order of virtuoſo, being the firſt of the many perſons on record, who have ruined themſelves and their families by a paſſion for rarities.

But to return to her legitimate deſcendant, the curious Dr. Coral. This gentleman conſidered, that if he neglected the preſent opportunity, he might never again be able to acquire the very ſcarce and marvellous production of nature, which he had long thirſted to poſſeſs, and which now ſtood before him.

Not to teaze my fair readers with any longer ſuſpenſe, I will directly tell them, the above-mentioned little box contained a vegetable poiſon, collected, with extremeſt hazard of life, from the celebrated upas-tree, in the iſland of Java. A Dutch ſurgeon had received this ineſtimable treaſure from the ſultan of Java himſelf, as a part of his reward for having preſerved the life of a favourite beauty in the royal ſeraglio; and the ſurgeon, on his return to Europe, had gratefully preſented it to the deceaſed virtuoſo, who had been the generous patron of his youth.

Dr. Coral was inflamed with the keeneſt deſire of beginning various experiments with this rareſt of poiſons, without ſuſpecting that it might deprive his daughter of a huſband; taking, therefore, this ineſtimable little box, with a few more of the moſt precious and portable articles in his new acquiſition, and giving the neceſſary directions concerning ſome weighty cabinets of medals, and other more bulky rarities, he re-entered his poſt chaiſe with that triumphant feſtivity of mind, which can be conceived only by a ſucceſsful collector.

As the Doctor delighted almoſt as much in the idea of buying a bargain, as in the poſſeſſion of a rarity, he amuſed himſelf in his journey home, with various projects for the diſpoſal of his ample treaſure.

It was his plan, to ſelect the articles which he particularly prized, and, by a judicious ſale of the remainder, to regain almoſt the whole ſum that he had ſo rapidly expended. Poſſeſſing a high opinion of his own judgment in affairs of this nature, he pleaſed himſelf with the apparent facility of his deſign, and, under the lively influence of theſe agreeable thoughts, he arrived at his own door. The affectionate Theodora flew with peculiar eagerneſs to receive him, having ſuffered no little anxi-

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ety from his extraordinary abſence. The ſprightlineſs of his appearance ſoon relieved her from all her ſolicitude, and they entered the parlour very gaily together, where Theodora had juſt been making tea for a female relation, and the aſſiduous Mr. Blandford. The Doctor, like moſt people of a buſy turn, had a particular pleaſure in talking of whatever he did, as he never meant to do any thing that a man ought to bluſh for; and he now began to entertain his company with an account of his adventures: he enlarged with rapture on his purchaſe, intimating that it had coſt a very large ſum, and not mentioning his undigeſted ſcheme of re-paying himſelf.

Obſerving, however, that his narration produced a very ſtriking and gloomy change in the countenance of Mr. Blandford, he withdrew with that gentleman into his ſtudy, and very candidly told him, that this recent and expenſive tranſaction ſhould make no material difference in the fortune of his daughter: He explained his intention of regaining the money by a partial ſale of the collection, and added, that as this mode of replacing the ſum expended might not be very expeditious, he ſhould more than compenſate for the deficiency by a bond for four thouſand pounds, with full intereſt, and ſtrict punctuality of payment.

Mr.

Mr. Blandford happened to be one of thoſe adventurous gentlemen, who, as they tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, ingeniouſly diſguiſe the ſhudderings of real fear under artful palpitations of pretended love, and endeavour to ſave themſelves from falling down a tremendous precipice, by haſtily catching at the hand of the firſt wealthy and benevolent virgin or widow, whom they ſuppoſe within their reach: He was a great projector in the management of ready money, and had raiſed many ſplendid viſions on the expected fortune of Miſs Coral; but the little box of poiſon, which the Doctor had brought home, converted his daughter, in the eyes of Mr. Blandford, into a ſecond Pandora; and as that gentleman had all the Prometheus, he reſolved, like the cautious ſon of Japetus, to have no connection with the lady offered to him as a bride, becauſe he foreſaw the evils included in her dower.

Mr. Blandford, on this occaſion, thought proper to imitate the policy of thoſe, who try to conceal a baſe purpoſe of their own, by accuſing another perſon of baſeneſs: He upbraided Dr. Coral for having ſhamefully diſappointed his very juſt expectations, and, taking the ſubject in that key, he purſued it through all the note of high and artificial paſſion; which produced a ſuperior burſt of louder and more natural anger from the honeſt inſulted virtuoſo.

Poor

Poor Theordora, in paſſing the door of the ſtudy, heard the voice of her father ſo unuſually violent that, from a ſudden impulſe of affectionate apprehenſion, ſhe entered the room, where the two gentlemen were engaged in the moſt angry altercation. Mr. Blandford ſeized the opportunity of bidding his miſtreſs an eternal adieu. While ſhe ſtood motionleſs with ſurpriſe, he made his final bow with a ſarcaſtic politeneſs, ruſhed eagerly out of the houſe, and decamped the very next day from the town, which contained the lovely object of his tranſient adoration.

The approach or miſcarriage of an expected wedding is a favorite ſubject of general converſation in every country town, and the diſunion of Mr. Blandford and Miſs Coral was very amply diſcuſſed. The ſeparated young pair were univerſally pitied, and the whole weight of popular reproach fell immediately on the head of the unfortunate naturaliſt. As he was a man, who, from the peculiarity of his purſuits, withdrew himſelf from cards and common company, the little parties of the town moſt eagerly ſeized an opportunity of attacking his character: As a humoriſt, he was ridiculed, perhaps, with ſome juſtice; as a man of unrivalled benevolence and active charity, he was the object of much ſecret envy and malice, and of courſe

courſe was very unjuſtly vilified. The good people, who arraigned him on the preſent occaſion, did not ſcruple to repreſent him, even to his daughter, as an unnatural monſter, who had ſacrificed for a cockleſhell the happineſs of his child. Nor was the little box of gum from the upas-tree omitted in theſe charitable remarks. One lady of peculiar ſpirit aſſerted, that if their father had robbed her of ſo handſome a huſband, for the ſake of purchaſing ſuch a rarity, ſhe might have been tempted to anticipate the old gentleman in his experiments on the poiſon, by ſecretly preparing the firſt doſe of it for himſelf. Happily for Theodora, ſhe had ſuch a gentleneſs and purity of heart, that every attempt to inflame her againſt her father ſerved only to increaſe her filial affection. She reproved, with a becoming ſpirit, all thoſe who inſulted her by malignant obſervations on his conduct; and perceiving that he was deeply vexed by the late occurrences, and the comments of the neighbourhood upon them, ſhe exerted all her powers, in the moſt endearing manner, to diſſipate his vexation. "It is true," ſhe ſaid, as they were talking over the recent tranſaction; "it is true, that I began to feel a partial regard for Mr. Blandford; but his illiberal behaviour has ſo totally altered my idea of his character, that I conſider the circumſtances which divided us as the moſt fortu-

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nate event of my life. I have eſcaped from impending miſery, inſtead of looſing a happy eſtabliſhment; and I have only to be thankful for this protection of Providence, if it pleaſes Heaven to continue to me the power which I have hitherto poſſeſſed, of promoting the happineſs of my father."

As ſhe uttered this judicious and tender ſentiment, a few ſtarting tears appeared in evidence of its truth; they melted the good Doctor, and converted all his chagrin into affectionate pride and delight. The juſtice of Theodora's obſervation was ſoon afterwards confirmed in a very ſtriking manner, by the fate of Mr. Blandford, who plunging into all the hazardous iniquity of Change-alley, became at laſt a bankrupt, and, with ſuch fraudulent appearances againſt him, that the compaſſion, which his misfortune might have inſpired, was loſt in the abhorrence of his treachery. Dr. Coral, who, by ſtudying the inanimate wonders of the creation, had increaſed the natural piety of his mind, was now moſt devoutly thankful to Heaven for the eſcape of his child. The tender Theodora was ſtill more confirmed in her partial attachment to the houſe of her father; ſhe took a kind and ſympathetic pleaſure in aſſiſting his fanciful purſuits; ſhe perſuaded him to retain every article in

his new purchaſe, which ſhe obſerved him to contemplate with particular delight; ſhe gave an air of uncommon elegance to the arrangement of all the curioſities which he determined to keep; and, by an inceſſant attention to the peace and pleaſure of her father's life, moſt effectually eſtabliſhed the felicity of her own. Their comfort and their amuſements being founded on the pureſt and moſt permanent of human affections, have continued, without diminution, through ſeveral ſucceeding years. I ſhould fill many pages in recording the ſeveral ingenious works and deviſes, by which Theodora has contrived to amuſe herſelf, and to delight her father; let it ſuffice to ſay, that, being always engaged in occupations of benevolent ingenuity, ſhe is never uneaſy; and ſhe has grown imperceptibly into an old maid, without entertaining a wiſh for the more honourable title of a wife. Her mild and gentle parent has ſecured himſelf from all the irkſome infirmities of age, by long habits of temperance, exerciſe, and, what is perhaps ſtill more ſalutary, univerſal benevolence: He is ſtill in poſſeſſion of all his faculties, at the age of eighty-ſeven; and, if he has not the ſatisfaction of ſeeing a numerous group of deſcendants, he beholds, however, with infinite delight, one virtuous and happy daughter, moſt tenderly attached

attached to him, and wiſhing for no higher enjoyment than what ariſes from their reciprocal affection.

ANECDOTE
OF
Mrs. BELLAMY.

A NOBLEMAN who had a horſe to run for the plate at York races, was at her houſe for ſome days. As his lordſhip was entitled by his rank to the ſeat of honour, he of courſe, during dinner time, ſat at her right hand: But ſhe could not help obſerving, that his eye was conſtantly and ſteadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it at firſt, thinking it was occaſioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordſhip to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was ſtill the chief object to which his eye was directed, ſhe grew much diſconcerted and abaſhed. But having, at length recovered from the little prudery ſhe had contracted in Ireland, ſhe complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeneſs of his friend. He could not avoid ſmiling while ſhe

made her complaint; and as a perfect acquittal of his lordſhip from any deſign to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always ſo ſteadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information, as it was immoveable all day, and reſted at night very quietly upon the table. Her vanity received a check by the incident, and ſhe joined in the laugh which it had occaſioned.

FILIAL AFFECTION rewarded,

A MORAL TALE.

SOME of the cloſeſt enquirers into the behaviour between parents and children, have aſſerted, that the love of the firſt for the laſt is ſtronger than the affection of the latter for the former. They ſeem willing enough, indeed, to own that a more ſtriking appearance of regard will now and then appear on the part of the child; but a thouſand inſtances of this kind, they ſay, are not ſufficient to deſtroy the juſtneſs of their general poſition. How pleaſing, how delightful is it to behold a family-piece, in which it is hardly poſſible to ſay on which ſide the ſcale of affection preponderates!

In

In the happy houſe of Mons. de Mornay, a reſpectable and opulent merchant, in one of the richeſt provinces of France, it was no eaſy matter to tell whether *he* loved his children, or his children *him* beſt, ſuch an equality of affection appeared in their deportment to each other. The harmony which ſubſiſted among them all, diſtinguiſhed them in ſuch a manner, that they were rarely mentioned without being envied, as well as admired for their domeſtic happineſs.

Upon the loſs of a very amiable wife by the rapid progreſs of a putrid fever, which ſoon after carried off one of his daughters, alſo Mons. de Mornay, whoſe ſenſibility, on many accaſions, was too acute for his peace would have, perhaps, ſunk under the weight of his paternal and conjugal affection, had not the tender aſſiduities, and unwearied efforts of his remaining child, his excellent Adelaide, to adminiſter conſolation to him, prevented it from plunging him into an immoveable melancholy. Fortunately her aſſiduities were rewarded, her efforts were ſucceſsful; and ſhe had the ſatisfaction to ſee her father in a condition to attend to his commercial affairs, properly reſigned to the diſpenſations of providence, and receiving new pleaſure from every attempt ſhe made to render the remainder of his life comfortable. However,

ever, though he ſo far got the better of his dejection, as to be able to attend to the buſineſs of his compting-houſe, he began, in a ſhort time, to be ſo much fatigued with his increaſing commiſſions, that he determined to look out for a partner, that he might, by making temporary retreats to more rural ſcenes, return to his native city with recruited ſpirits.

Very ſoon after he had formed this reſolution, he met with a young man brought up to his branch of commerce, but unable to ſet up for himſelf for want of a ſuitable capital, and of ſo promiſing a diſpoſition, with an unblemiſhed character, that he entered into a partnerſhip with him, and took him into his houſe.

Riveau was, indeed, a youth of a very promiſing turn, he was active and diligent, a maſter of his buſineſs, and ſtrictly attentive to it, averſe to thoſe pleaſures commonly purſued by the young with more eagerneſs than diſcretion, and addicted to no vice—every body, therefore, applauded Mons. de Mornay for his choice, thinking that he could not have pitched upon a more proper man to enable him to enjoy his declining years, by a vigorous diſcharge of thoſe duties from a ſtrict attention to which he had derived ſo many ſubſtantial advantages.

Riveau

Riveau being a young fellow with an infinuating addreſs, ſoon made himſelf ſo agreeable as well as uſeful to his worthy aſſociate, that he could not help feeling ſomething like a parental regard for him. By the ſoftneſs of his manners, and the moſt artful exertion of his companionable talent, he ſtrove to make an impreſſion upon Adelaide's tender heart in his favour; he could not however, gain his point. She was thoroughly ſenſible of his merit, ſhe had no diſlike to his perſon, and ſhe was greatly pleaſed with his converſation, but the man for her had not yet fallen in her way: ſhe, therefore, could only behave to him (in return for the particular pains which he took to recommend himſelf to her) with a reſpectful politeneſs. This kind of behaviour gave him no room to find fault with it, but it was exceedingly mortifying to him, as he had, with too much preſumption, ſuppoſed that his powers of captivation were ſufficient to enſure him ſucceſs whenever he thought fit to make a full diſplay of them. His vanity was affronted, his pride was piqued, and his reſentment, at laſt, grew to ſuch a height, that he was barely civil to her. Yet though he was diſappointed by her forbidding carriage to him, and though he reſented it, he was not deterred by it from ſoliciting her father's conſent to his marrying her: adding, with all the energy of a youthful

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ful lover, "I cannot live a moment without her."

Mons. de Mornay, really imagining from the uniform propriety of Riveau's behaviour, that he would prove an exemplary huſband to his Adelaide, very readily complied with his requeſt, but at the ſame time added, that he ſhould never think of diſpoſing of his daughter in marriage without her conſent. "I will acquaint her, continued he, with your wiſhes on her account, and if ſhe approves of you for a huſband, I ſhall have no objection."

No father in the world could have behaved with more conſideration upon ſuch an occaſion; but Riveau was not quite ſatisfied with his concluding expreſſions. Having ſtill, however, ſome hopes that the coolneſs which he had obſerved in Adelaide's behaviour to him, might have ariſen from a delicate reſerve, and not from any averſion to him, he thanked Mons. de Mornay in grateful terms for his approbation, and retired not abſolutely in deſpair, though in a ſtate of the moſt diſagreeable ſuſpenſe.

The conſiderate father went immediately to his amiable daughter, and informed her of what had paſſed, relating to her, between him and Riveau.

Adelaide,

Adelaide, who had always been accuſtomed to converſe with her father as with her ſincereſt friend, as a man to whom ſhe might diſcloſe each ſecret of her heart with the utmoſt ſecurity, felt not the leaſt inclination to make any concealments from him upon this very intereſting occaſion: ſhe, therefore, with all her uſual frankneſs, told him, after having repeatedly thanked him for his goodneſs in conſulting her inclination, before he diſpoſed of her hand, that ſhe wiſhed not to change her ſituation, that ſhe was uncommonly happy in being under the protection of ſo indulgent a parent, and that ſhe did not believe ſhe could be happier in any other ſtate.

Claſping her in his arms, and preſſing her to his boſom, Mons. de Mornay aſſured his dutiful and affectionate daughter, that he ſhould be ever ready to promote her happineſs in any ſhape; and that if ſhe had the ſmalleſt objection to an alliance with Riveau, he would not open his lips about it to her again.

Adelaide declared ſhe had no particular averſion to him—touched with her father's kindneſs, ſhe could not proceed—ſhe pauſed.

Perhaps, replied Mons. de Mornay looking tenderly at her, another man has gained your

affections: be frank, and tell me; and if no reaſonable exception can be made to him, I will do all in my power to faciliate an union between you.

This ſpeech produced freſh acknowledgments; after the delivery of which, Adelaide re-aſſured her father, that ſhe wiſhed to remain in the ſituation ſhe was; adding, that ſhe had not yet met with any man ſufficiently attractive to make her deſirous of being united to him; and that ſhe had not the leaſt inclination to riſque the loſs of the felicity which ſhe enjoyed as a daughter, by appearing in the character of a wife.

When ſhe had thus ſpoken, ſhe left the room to ſuperintend the domeſtic affairs in her apartment; and left her father more fondly attached to her, if poſſible, than ever.—How much are characters like theſe to be admired! what patterns are they for imitation!

Riveau though he had not been romanticly in love with Adelaide, and though he was not rejected upon any other man's account, was conſiderably chagrined by the deciſive anſwer which her father brought from her relating to him. Like a man who had a very high opinion of his own perſonal attractions, he was extremely vexed at her

refuſing

refuſing to marry him: but like a man of ſpirit, he took an infinite deal of pains to conceal the vexations he felt. Actuated chiefly by intereſted motives, to fix himſelf in the de Mornay family by a marriage into it, the ſame motives urged him to look out for an alliance which might be equally advantageous, conſidered in a lucrative light.

Riveau was a very ſenſible young fellow, and his knowledge, practical as well as theoretical, concerning commerce, was extenſive; but he was little acquainted with the traders (not always fair ones) in the female world. With too little knowledge of that world, and too much preſumption with regard to his captivating powers, he became the dupe of one of the moſt artful women that ever lived.

The arrival of a lady at the city in which he reſided who made a brilliant appearance, though ſhe was not a phænomena, as there were ſeveral women of fortune in it, occaſioned a no ſmall commotion among thoſe men who had any thoughts of improving their circumſtances in the matrimonial way.

Mademoiſelle Nivonne had paſt the prime of life, and was far from being handſome, but ſhe had, notwithſtanding an alluring countenance and

the graces which played about her mouth, whenever ſhe opened her lips, were uncommonly ſeductive. Seducing, however, as ſhe was with her dimples and her ſmiles, and win ing as ſhe was in her manners, her followers were chiefly thoſe whoſe eyes were dazzled with the luſtre of her fortune. To that their adoration was really paid, though they prete ded to idolize her perſon, underſtanding, &c. and had recourſe to the moſt refined flattery in order to recommend themſelves to her favour. Had ſhe been a weak woman, and actually poſſeſſed of a large fortune, ſhe might, indeed, have given her profeſſing admirers credit for every compliment ſhe received from them, though ever ſo extravagant; but as ſhe was a very knowing woman, with ſtrong intellects, and had no foundation for the ſupport of the figure ſhe made, ſhe thoroughly underſtood the preciſe value of every encomium addreſſed to her face or to her mind, and played her cards like a miſtreſs of the game ſhe had in view. She was, in two words, a Female Adventurer.

With this lady Riveau had, to his great ſatisfaction an interview much ſooner than he expected, by the addreſs of one of his ſervants, in conjunction with one of her domeſtics, and found her, to his encreaſed ſatisfaction, after every converſation, ſtill more favourable to his warmeſt wiſhes.

When

When he had enjoyed ſeveral encouraging converſations with his rich incognita (as he really thought her) he ventured (availing himſelf of what ſeemed to him a broad hint) to declare his paſſion for her in the tendereſt terms.

Scarce, however, had he made his declaration, when he repented of his precipitance; for the lady, immediately drawing up, not a little diſconcerted him, by aſking him, ſternly, what pretenſions he had to a woman of her fortune, naming the ſum.

Surprized at the ſum ſhe mentioned, far ſuperior to his expectations, he was abaſhed; caſting his eyes down upon the carpet, he humbled himſelf before her, and made the beſt apology he could think of, for having dared to aſpire to an alliance with her.

To his ſtill greater, but more agreeable ſurpriſe, ſhe then, ſoftening her features and her face, told him that ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied with his apologies; adding, that ſhe was prejudiced enough in his favour, to put herſelf, and all ſhe had in the world, into his poſſeſſion, whenever he was ready to accept of her perſon and fortune.

Delighted now, as much as he had been before diſconcerted,

diſconcerted, the ſudden elevation of his ſpirits threw him into ſo rapturous a ſtate, that the lady could not help gently correcting him for the intemperance of his tranſports; her corrections ſerved only to make him ſtill more enamoured with her, and to encreaſe the intoxication of his mind. To call ſuch a woman, with a fortune of which a Fermier-general need not be aſhamed, his own, was in his opinion, to be ſupremely bleſt.

When the day for his marriage with Mademoiſelle Nivonne arrived, Riveau roſe from the bed of celibacy with uncommon alacrity, and dreſſed himſelf to the greateſt advantage. The bride, on her ſide having been very ſtudious to appear in the moſt agreeable light, attracted all eyes in her approaches to the altar of Hymen. Every thing ſhe wore was put on in ſo becoming a manner, and ſo much elegance, ſo much taſte was conſpicuous in every part of her drapery, that her whole figure gave pleaſure to the mere gazers at a nuptial proceſſion, and to the moſt celebrated connoiſſeurs: even they owned that they had never ſeen a woman more becomingly, more characteriſtically dreſſed. Riveau, highly flattered by the encomiums which flew about in whiſpers, concerning his bride, walked by her ſide to the prieſt in waiting, with additional ſpirit.

His

His feelings were too exquiſite for deſcription.

How ſhort is the continuance of all earthly happineſs! This is an exclamation frequently forced from our lips in our paſſage through this chequered world, and whenever it is forced from us, we ſhould endeavour to arm ourſelves againſt all ſublunary diſappointments: diſappointments from which no human creature is free, and to which the greateſt perſonages, as well as the loweſt perſons, are by the irreverſible decrees of providence expoſed. In a month, in a little month after his marriage, Riveau found, that inſtead of having united himſelf to a woman with a ſplendid fortune, he had taken a woman to be his wife, who was not only deeply in debt, but of ſo extravagant a diſpoſition, that it was impoſſible for him to maintain her agreeable to her expenſive taſte: he had recourſe, therefore, to expedients for the ſupport of her grandeur, by which he plunged his partner into a very diſtreſsful ſituation.

From the fury of his creditors he ſaved himſelf by flight, leaving Mons. de Mornay to ſtand the ſhock of their demands, who, being unable to ſatisfy them, was thrown into priſon.

At the time that Mons. de Mornay was hurried from his own houſe, to very ineligible apartments

Adelaide

Adelaide was upon a viſit with a near relation of her mother's a few miles farther in the country. The moment ſhe heard of her father's confinement, ſhe determined to take every ſtep in her power to releaſe him; but fearful of having her deſign communicated to his creditors, ſhe with more filial affection than worldly prudence, reſolved to undertake the releaſement of him herſelf, attended only by a faithful ſervant of her own ſex, whoſe fidelity ſhe had often tried, and by whom ſhe had never been deceived.

Having prepared her father, by the moſt affectionate letter ſhe had ever written to him, for his intended enlargement, Adelaide proceeded, at a very early hour, one morning (it was a ſummer one) to that part of the building in which he was lodged, and which ſhe had ſufficiently reconnoitred, with her truſty attendant, furniſhed with a ladder, and ropes to favour his eſcape.

While ſhe was thus employed, the keeper of the priſon, happening to have ſtaid out longer than uſual with his ſocial friends, at a celebrated hotel, was, upon his return home, ſtruck at the ſight of two females ſo unexpectedly employed ——— he ſtarted,

Adelaide, at the ſight of him not only ſtarted but

but fainted. He ran, he flew to prevent her falling, but he was too late. Having ſoon, however, recovered her, after ſhe had fallen to the ground, with the aſſiſtance of her ſervant, he ſoon alſo became acquainted with the cauſe of her appearance in that place, and at that hour. Charmed with her beauty, doubly charmed with her filial affection, he aſſured her that he would immediately give her father his liberty, telling her at the ſame time who he was. On caſting his eye up to the window, at which Mons. de Mornay appeared, in order to acquaint him with his intentions, he heard a groan, which made him turn his head towards the place from whence (according to his ears) it iſſued.—Perceiving the priſoner at the grated window of his cell, who lamented his hard fate in the moſt doleful tones, he changed his purpoſe.

Not chuſing, as maſter of the gaol, to be ſeen by any perſon in his cuſtody, more than conniving at the eſcape of another in the ſame ſituation, nay actually giving him his freedom, he in another addreſs to the heroic daughter, informed her of his reaſons for delaying her father's releaſement; but ſolemnly promiſed to procure it if poſſible in four and twenty hours.

Adelaide being extremely well ſatisfied with Mons. de Marigny's aſſurances, made him the moſt

grateful acknowledgments, and upon his intreating her to let him ſee her ſafe to her own apartments, felt her prejudices in his favour as a man, too ſtrong to permit her to refuſe his polite offer.

Mons. de Marigny was as good as his word: he procured the enlargement of Mons. de Mornay (whoſe creditors behaved in the moſt generous manner on being acquainted with the uncommon attempt to reſcue him) before the next night, and with his cordial conſent made Adelaide his wife: an happy wife; for ſhe ever found in him the moſt indulgent of huſbands.

The marriage of Adelaide with Mons. de Marigny, was attended with a train of pleaſing conſequences, and her felicity was completed by the bequeſt of the lady at whoſe houſe ſhe heard of her father's diſtreſſed condition, which enabled him to act agreeably to his principles, that is, to pay all his debts: it enabled him alſo, when his creditors were thoroughly ſatisfied, to ſpend the remainder of his days, as he wiſhed to ſpend them, in a peaceful retreat. In that retreat, however, though he was bleſt with a genteel competency, his happieſt hours were thoſe which he enjoyed in the ſociety of his exemplary daughter.

MEMOIRS OF
LEANDER and ASPASIA,
OR THE
RASH LOVER.

LEANDER, was heir to a conſiderable fortune in Northamptonſhire, and his father had a ſeat in the ſenate, where he made a conſpicuous figure in defence of the conſtitution of his country in general, and the rights of his conſtituents in particular. Biaſed by no party attachments, uninfluenced by any mercenary views, he acted ſolely as his conſcience dictated, tutored by an upright heart and ſound judgment. He did not oppoſe adminiſtration to clog the wheels of government, and oppoſe miniſters merely becauſe they were miniſters; when he did not acquieſce in their meaſures, it was from a conviction that they were erroneous; but he always chearfully promoted the intereſt of the common-wealth, and was ever happy to find that the premier (be he whom he might) had purſued ſuch ſteps as led to the paths of honour and ſucceſs; and he was conſtantly the foremoſt to give his plaudit upon theſe agreeable occaſions.

Such was the out-line of good Benvolio's public character, his private one was the counterpart of it, as his tenants (whom he never rack rented) and his friends (whom he always ſedulouſly endeavoured to ſerve) can teſtify.

Leander, his ſon, though he had not yet diſplayed in public his being a cloſe imitator of Benvolio's bright example, ſeized every opportunity of teſtifying, in a more confined circle, the noble ſentiments with which his boſom was actuated. Even from his infancy, his friendſhip was courted by all his ſchool-fellows, and he never gave any one reaſon to repent the favourable ſentiments they had entertained for him.

As he advanced towards maturity, theſe laudable notions expanded in a breaſt that was animated to glory. He requeſted of his father to obtain for him a pair of colours, which intreaty was complied with, though Benvolio could have wiſhed he had confined his purſuits to civil life. However, having yielded to his natural impulſe, and his regiment being ordered to America, he went over to that continent and diſtinguiſhed himſelf, in the early part of the war, upon many occaſions.

The death of his father, and his private affairs calling him home, he obtained leave of abſence, and, after a ſpeedy voyage, reached England.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, to avoid an apparent anachroniſm, we ſhould have mentioned, that Benvolio had, ſome time before his departure for America, pitched upon a mate for life for his ſon; but his heart being already pre-engaged in favour of the lovely Aſpaſia, he conſidered his going abroad in the ſervice of his country peculiarly fortunate, as at the ſame time that it gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his valour and gaining laurels in his profeſſion of arms, it furniſhed him with the means of avoiding giving a poſitive refuſal to his father, of accepting the lady of his parent's choice.

The news of his arrival in England no ſooner reached Northamptonſhire, than Amelia, who waited for nothing with ſo much impatience as his return, and who flattered herſelf there would not be the ſmalleſt obſtacle to their happy union, prepared to meet him on the road, and greet him on his ſafe arrival.

This intelligence ſoon got wind, and the charming Aſpaſia was amongſt the foremoſt of thoſe who heard this mortifying tale; for ſhe ſincerely loved Leander, though ſhe had hitherto concealed her paſſion, that ſhe might not afford additional triumph to her rival, whom ſhe had too much reaſon to think would prove ſucceſsful.

Amelia met Leander about half way from the capital, and with raptures went to the apartment of the inn where ſhe learnt he was getting ſome refreſhment; his ſurpriſe was very great, at ſeeing a perſon who had given him ſo much uneaſineſs, and prevented his offering his hand in an honourable way, to Aſpaſia. Nor could her aſtoniſhment be ſcarcely equalled at the coolneſs with which he received her, nor her mortification be paralleled, when after the firſt, common ſalutations preſcribed by civility, he made very earneſt and importunate inquiries concerning Aſpaſia's health, her ſituation, and particularly if ſhe had diſpoſed of her hand.

Nevertheleſs, as Amelia had diſcharged her carriage, and her buſineſs was now at an end, it was expedient for her, at all events, to return to Northampton; and ſhe ſubmitted to accept a ſlight invitation of part of Leander's poſt chaiſe. The remainder of the journey was very diſagreeable to both parties; as the one was chagrined to the higheſt degree at the diſappointment ſhe had met with, and as his thoughts were ſolely occupied in contemplating in imagination the charms of the divine Aſpaſia.

One of his ſervants being diſpatched before to make preparations for his reception at his houſe,

the

the bells were ſet a ringing, and every one was preſently acquainted with the cauſe. The arrival of Leander and Amelia (though in doleful triumph) did not prevent its being immediately circulated; that they had either been married on the road, or would be ſo the next day. Aſpaſia heard the unwelcome tidings and became almoſt a victim to deſpair; when lo! the much loved Leander, appeared, and throwing himſelf at her feet, almoſt devoured her hand with kiſſes, at the ſame time expreſſing his ſurpriſe at ſeeing her bathed in tears.

She had not power to ſpeak for ſome time, but at length her pride got the better of her paſſion, and ſhe upbraided him in the moſt reproachful terms, with coming to inſult her, when he was already married, or betrothed to another.

The bitter accents that fell from her tongue petrified him, and he could ſcarce collect words to aſſure her of her miſtake. Finding her inexorable, he was driven to rage and deſpair, and in a fit of phrenzy flew to the adjacent river, and there plunged himſelf in what he deſigned a watery grave.

The melancholy tale inſtantly reached Aſpaſia, and ſhe flew on the wings of love, to prevent the fatal effects of that madneſs which ſhe had created. Aſpaſia arrived at the banks of the flood whilſt he

ſtill

ſtill breathed; the ſcene ſhocked her to that degree, as to deprive her of all reaſon, and ſhe was on the point of devoting her life as an atonement for the error ſhe had committed. However, her attendant prevented her perpetrating the raſh deed; and ſome fiſhermen coming by, dragged Leander on ſhore, whilſt he had ſtill marks of life remaining.

Every poſſible means were uſed to reſtore him to health, and finding Aſpaſia had ſincerely repented what ſhe had done, and was now convinced of his ſincerity, theſe circumſtances tended greatly to promote his recovery.

As ſoon as this was completed, Aſpaſia was eaſily prevailed upon to yield him her hand, and they have now for ſome time been happily united in wedlock to their mutual ſatisfaction, as their days roll on in uninterrupted felicity, which will moſt probably be terminated only with their lives.

THE

THE WHITE LIE.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are ſome moral philoſophers ſo extremely rigid in their notions, with regard to right and wrong, that they will not allow the ſlighteſt deviations from truth, upon any account, to be defenſible. To utter palpable falſehoods indeed at the inſtigation of malevolence, is to act in a manner by no means to be defended; but ſurely there are ſome occaſions when the ſuppreſſion of truth may be a venial crime; when a white lie (to adopt a faſhionable mode of ſpeaking) may be forgiven. However, as the moſt innocent lies are ſometimes productive of conſequences little expected by thoſe who deliver them, and bring them into embarraſſing, if not dangerous ſituations, the white liar ſhould not wantonly ſport with the characters or ſituations of his friends and acquaintance; for he may play off a lie with the beſt deſign imaginable, and find that deſign moſt unhappily defeated.

Dick Griſdale, a young fellow, with an infinite deal of good nature, and with parts rather brilliant than ſolid, told as many white lies, perhaps, as any

man in England: he was certainly never guilty of black ones, becauſe he did not deliberately intend by any of his lies to deſtroy the peace, or wound the reputation of a ſingle creature breathing. His intentions were always laudable; but his proceedings, in conſequence of them, were not always ſucceſsful. To bring people whom he knew, and for whom he had a regard, at variance, amicably together, was the principal delight of his life: and in order to bring about a reconciliation, he did not ſcruple to tell each of them what the other never ſaid. Having frequently ſucceeded by this ſpecies of pardonable falſehood, having never failed indeed of gaining his point, he perſevered in his white lying with an increaſed ſelf-approbation (ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of good intentions) and did not imagine that his manner of lying for the ſervice of friends was in the leaſt cenſurable, till he found himſelf involved in a very diſagreeable affair by his benevolent officiouſneſs.

Calling one day upon an intimate friend at his chambers for whom he had ſo great an eſteem, that he would have ſerved him at the riſque of his life (there are ſome men ſtill of this heroic diſpoſition) he found him in a way in which he did not at all expect to ſee him: he found him diſcontented, and in a very ill humour.

Charles

Charles immediately enquired into the cauſe of his friend's uneaſineſs

"Take up that note," replied he, peeviſhly, and pointing at a table at a little diſtance from them, "It will fully account for the alteration you ſee in me."

Charles obeyed, read the note, and expreſſed his ſurpriſe as well as concern at the contents of it. "Some malicious devil," ſaid he, throwing down the paper in a paſſion, "has been at work here. Your Amelia never would, I am perſuaded, have written ſuch a note, had ſhe not been ſtrongly induced, by the miſrepreſentations of malevolence, to ſee you in a new light,—in an unfavourable light. Whoever has attempted to leſſen you in her eyes, by uttering a ſingle ſyllable to your diſadvantage, merits a ſevere correction."

Charles ſpoke theſe few laſt words, with ſuch a warmth in his delivery, that his friend felt himſelf not a little pleaſed with it, though it was not ſufficient to alleviate the pain which Amelia's cutting expreſſions had inflicted.

This friend of Charles's was a Mr. Morriſon, a young ſtudent in one of the inns of court, and by his diligence co-operating with a very good capa-

city, promiſed to make a conſiderable figure in his profeſſion. He was of a genteel family; but he had more flattering hopes of raiſing a fortune from his connections than from his relations.

Morriſon read the books proper for his peruſal; the books relating to juriſprudence with a laudable attention, but he did not purſue his ſtudies with that unremitted perſeverance, by which many ſlaves to Salkeld and Ventris injure their own conſtitutions, without being in the leaſt ſerviceable to their country. He judiciouſly relieved his mind by temporary relaxations, and as thoſe relaxations were not of an enfeebling nature, he returned to his learned volumes with no abatement of his aſſiduity.

As Morriſon was not addicted to any vicious purſuits, he never ſpent the time which he allotted for amuſement with the libertines of his own ſex, or with the votaries of licentiouſneſs among the other. Not having a violent paſſion for any public places, he generally paſſed his evenings in private families of his acquaintance.

Of all the families he viſited upon an intimate footing, the Rowlands were particularly agreeable to him, becauſe they were muſical. Mr. Rowland played a good fiddle himſelf; ſeveral of his friends performed

performed very decently on various inſtruments, and his daughters, with melodious voices, ſung with much taſte.

It was not probable that Morriſon could be intimate in ſuch a family, without feeling a predilection for one of the ſyrens belonging to it: Amelia, the ſecond daughter, was his favourite, and ſeemed very well pleaſed with his preferring her to her ſiſters, one of whom was ſoon thrown into a moſt diſquieting ſituation by the progreſs which ſhe made in her lover's heart.

Amelia's paſſion for Morriſon was not leſs ardent for him than his was for her; but ſhe with the greateſt diſcretion prevented its appearing in an improper manner.

As Mr. Rowland had the higheſt regard for his Amelia's lover, becauſe he was thoroughly acquainted with his intrinſic merit, and as he had ſufficient reaſon to believe that he would, by his parts and patronage, riſe to ſome poſt of eminence in the law, he rather forwarded than retarded the union of which he was ſo deſirous. When his young friend therefore ſolicited his conſent in form, he returned no diſcouraging anſwer: he only deſired to withold his abſolute compliance, till he received his father's approbation.

Morriſon,

Morriſon, fully ſatisfied with that reply, having no doubt of his father's conſent, wrote a dutiful letter without delay, on the ſubject which engroſſed his attention, and waited with impatience for the return of the poſt.

It was during the conveyance of this letter to Mr. Morriſon in the moſt northern part of England, that his ſon received the above mentioned note, occaſioned by the baſe manœuvres of Miſs Rowland, who being paſſionately in love with the man by whom her ſiſter had been diſtinguiſhed, was furiouſly jealous, and reſolved to do all in her power to ſupplant her.

Charles, who alſo viſited the Rowland's, eager to ſerve his injured friend, hurried away, without mentioning his deſign to Amelia, and as ſoon as he ſaw her, told her that ſhe had by her cruel note killed the moſt deſerving man in the world.

Amelia, who by this time had ſincerely repented of her raſh note (in conſequence of a diſcovery by which her lover was entirely cleared of the charge againſt him) and having naturally very weak nerves, fell into an hyſteric fit.

Charles, the moment he had procured proper aſſiſtance for her, returned with precipitation to his

his friend, and acquainted him with the ſituation in which he had left the miſtreſs of his heart; encouraged him alſo to believe, while he alarmed him with this intelligence, that her love for him was exceſſive, and that his appearance before her would immediately, on her being ſenſible of it, extinguiſh all her reſentment.

Morriſon was very ready to fly to the woman he loved with the warmeſt affection, and whoſe unjuſt, injurious accuſation, he ſincerely pardoned. He flew to her; but there is no ſaying how he looked, there is no deſcribing what he felt when he found her in the agonies of death.

OF THE SOUL.

IN REPLY TO MATERIALISTS.

IF mere matter has the power to think and to will, it follows that all portions of matter are abſolutely thinking, or elſe, that it is matter which gives the thought. This is abſurd.

The objection of the matter's thinking, with the neceſſary conſequence of introducing the cogitating power into all portions of matter whatſoever, is ſo ſtrong, that the philoſophers, who, without

out being atheiſts, ſuppoſe matter capable of ſentiment, have been obliged to elude this difficulty by forming the moſt ridiculous ſyſtems. Some have derived our perceptions from elementary cauſes, and have conſidered ſpirit as eſſential to matter.

Others have ſubſtituted for this ſpirit, a ſenſibility much more feeble, than what nature has given to animals the moſt ſtupid, and, indeed, the moſt approximate to dead matter. They call it a kind of dull, blunt feeling, which urged by a reſtleſs automaton, ſeeks out a convenient ſituation, in the ſame manner as an animal is diſordered in its ſleep, while the uſe of all its faculties are ſuſpended, and toſſes about till it finds a poſture the moſt adapted to its repoſe. But if this is not nonſenſe, I do not know what is.

When one contemplates the diamond, the rock, a block of marble, and all the properties of matter, dead and inert, one ſees plainly how chimerical is this dull and ſtupid feeling ſo much inſiſted on; nor had theſe ſyſtems ever been brought forth, had not their authors found it totally impoſſible to diſcover in matter the principles of ſenſation.

If thought appertains to matter, it muſt be, either becauſe it is an aſſemblage and collection, or

that

that it is a property formed out of each ſubſtance. The body, as an aſſemblage and collection, cannot be the ſubject of thought. Shall we divide thought, between all the ſubſtances of which the body is compoſed? in which caſe, it cannot poſſibly be, that ſhe is one indiviſible perception. In the ſecond place, we muſt reject this ſuppoſition, when thought is ſaid to be formed out of a certain number of perceptions.

There are many obſervations to be made againſt the materialiſt, upon the ſubject of dreams.

When we have ſlept profoundly, we imagine we have ceaſed to think, becauſe we cannot recollect to have had any dream during the repoſe. But this obſervation is very far from being demonſtrative. It is ſufficient that the dreams have been feeble and unimpreſſive. My conjecture is founded upon the following experience.—

Every body is convinced that from our waking in the morning, to our going to bed, we do not ceaſe to think, at leaſt during the time we remain awake. Nevertheleſs, I defy any man to recollect all the *ſuite* of ideas which have traverſed his brain, during fifteen or ſixteen hours of his being awake; at leaſt, not every day.

He will remember only the moſt intereſting ob-

jects which have moſt powerfully engaged his attention. The ſame thing happens in ſleeping, and the impreſſions being then more feeble, are no more recollected.

The pretended power of matter to fold again and to modify itſelf, is an hundred times more incomprehenſible and more contrary to its eſſence, than if we admitted a poſſibility of annihilating the laws of motion, whoſe immutability is ſo well known to the advocates for materialiſm. As ſoon as we are able to prove that there is in nature a ſingle action, or a ſingle motion ſpontaneous, materialiſm muſt be deſtroyed. We perceive and feel that ſeveral ſenſations exiſt at the ſame time: we compare and form a judgment of them.

The principle of theſe actions is ſingular and indiviſible, conſequently it is not material; for a diviſion or a diſſection of thought implies a contradiction. From the ſeveral ſenſations which the ſoul compares at once, the reſult is, that the ſoul is the only being endued with ſenſations and ideas; for if, one part had one ſenſation, and another part another ſenſation, which of the two parts ſhall compare? How is a motive able to determine and act upon a machine? All the effects of matter are diviſible as itſelf. On the contrary, the operations

tions of the ſoul, the thought, the ſentiment, and the will, are indiviſible.

They all emanate from a ſubſtance, ſimple, indiviſible, immaterial: not ſubject like the body, either to diſſolution or decay. It does not follow from hence that man is double; the two ſubſtances of which he is compounded, are ſtrictly united.

The laws of motion, whoſe certitude is by no one controverted, are the conſequences of that inertion primitively and fundamentally attached to matter: but man is by no means obedient to the ſame laws. Every thing about him indicate an obedience to laws diametrically oppoſite. Inertion ſuppoſes in the body a reſiſtance to changing the ſtate: but the faculty of thinking, ſuppoſes in man an effort even to change.

Contrary laws are eſſential to theſe contrary effects: for although we are not acquainted with all the qualities of matter, reaſon forbids us to attribute to it any palpable contradictions.

The being who actuates, and who exiſts by himſelf, finds it equally eaſy to move the whole world as to move an atom; but every being who derives his activity from another, can only poſſeſs activity in the meaſure and degree it is given: and if he is

actuated by the means of certain organs, he can be influenced no otherwiſe than thoſe organs permit.

The variety of our thoughts, the rapidity of our deſires, the extenſion of our projects, and the immenſity of our hopes, atteſt at once the dignity of our origin, and the grandeur of our deſtiny. The dominion we have over mere matter, makes us feel how much we are ſuperior to it! The whole of the argument leads to the following fact: man is here placed in a ſort of intellectual twilight, he diſcovers few objects tolerably, and none perfectly: yet even the intellectual twilight, this darkneſs viſible of reaſon, makes us diſcover the dawn, which at once proves and leads to the exiſtence of day the moſt brilliant.

AN

American Anecdote,

Relating to a young English Officer among the Abenakee Savages.

DURING the laſt war in America, a band of ſavages having ſurpriſed and defeated a party of the Engliſh, ſuch of thoſe as were not actually killed on the ſpot, had very little chance of

of getting away from enemies who were much more ſwift footed than they; and who, purſuing them with unrelenting fury, uſed thoſe whom they overtook with a barbarity almoſt without example, even in their own uncivilized nations.

A young Engliſh officer, preſſed by two ſavages who were aiming at him with their uplifted hatchets, had not the leaſt hope of eſcaping death, and thought of nothing but to ſell his life as dearly as he could. At that moment an old ſavage armed with a bow drew near him, in order to pierce him with an arrow; but after having pointed it at him, he dropped it on a ſudden, and ran to throw himſelf between the young Engliſhman and the two barbarians, who were going to murder him.

The blood-thirſty pair ſhrunk back out of reſpect to the motions of the old warrior, who with ſigns of peace took the officer by the hand, and after having moved his apprehenſions by friendly geſtures, carried him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and mildneſs, more like a companion indeed than a captive. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarſe arts in uſe among his countrymen. They lived very well ſatisfied with each other: there was but one part of the old man's behaviour which gave the young officer any uneaſineſs; he now and then ſurpriſed

the

the ſavage fixing his eyes upon him, and ſometimes ſaw them after a long and ſteady fixture, bathed in tears.

However, on the return of the ſpring, the Abenakees took the field again and proceeded in queſt of the Engliſh.

The old man, who had ſtill remaining vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his priſoner with him.

They made a march of above two hundred leagues, through the trackleſs wilds and foreſts of that country, till they came at length within view of a plain, in which they diſcovered an Engliſh camp. This the old ſavage ſhewed to his young companion, looking very earneſtly at him, and marking his countenance with particular attention.

There (ſaid he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battle; what ſay'ſt thou? I preſerved thee from death; I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows, to catch the deer of the foreſt; to wield the hatchet, with all our arts of war.

What waſt thou when I took thee to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child

child: they could ſerve thee but little for thy defence; and leſs yet for providing the means of ſuſtenance. Thy ſoul was in the dark: thou wert a ſtranger to all neceſſary knowledge. To me thou oweſt life, the means of life, every thing. Couldſt thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift up the hatchet againſt us?"

The young Engliſhman made anſwer, that he ſhould, it was true, feel a juſt repugnance to the carrying arms againſt thoſe of his own nation, but that he would never turn them againſt the Abenakees, whom, ſo long as he ſhould live, he would conſider as his brethren.

At this the ſavage held his head down, and raiſing his hands, he covered his face with them, as if he was in a profound meditation. After having remained ſome time in this attitude of recollection, he looked earneſtly at the Engliſh officer, and ſaid to him, in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderneſs, "Haſt thou a father?" He was alive," replied the young man, when I left my country:"——— "Oh! how unhappy muſt he be!" ſaid the ſavage ———adding, after a moment's pauſe——— "Doſt thou not know that I too was once a father! ———Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father———I ſaw my ſon fall in battle—

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He fought by the ſide of me. I ſaw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds, as he fell——— But I revenged his death."

While he pronounced theſe words in the moſt pathetic and emphatical manner, he ſhuddered; he ſeemed to breathe with pain; choaked with inward groans, which he was endeavouring to ſuppreſs. By degrees, the violence of his paſſion ſubſided, he grew calm, and turning towards the eaſt, pointed to the riſing ſun. "Seeſt thou yon beauteous luminary?" ſaid he to the Engliſhman: "The ſun in all its ſplendor? Does the ſight of it afford thee any pleaſure?"——— "Undoubtedly," anſwered the officer, "who can behold ſo fine a day without delight.' And yet to me it no longer gives any, "replied the ſavage———After having uttered theſe words, he turned, and caſting his eye on a buſh in full flower——— "See, ſaid he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a ſort of joy to look at it?"——— "It does, indeed replied the officer: "And yet ſaid the old man, "it delights not me," adding with ſome impetuoſity, "haſte, depart——fly to yon camp of thy friends.——Get home that thy father may ſtill ſee, with pleaſure, the riſing of the ſun, and the flowers of the ſpring.

THE

THE
SLAVE to LIBERTY.

A MORAL TALE.

WARM in the cauſe of freedom, and as great a foe to ſlavery as Wilkes himſelf can poſſibly be, I cannot, however, help thinking that too many of my countrymen have, concerning liberty, the moſt abſurd and indefenſible ideas. With regard to the preſs, liberty there is particularly abſurd. To retain it, *hoc opus, hic labor eſt.* Heavily as we complain of its abuſes, no Engliſhman will, I imagine, wiſh to find an enquiry into ways and means for the reſtriction of it, attended with any inquiſitorial proceedings.

The abuſes of liberty are various: they are by no means confined to the walls of a printing-houſe. Every man who ſuppoſes himſelf licenſed to ſpeak his mind upon all occaſions without limitation, and to act agreeable to his own ſtandard of right and wrong, totally inattentive to the ſuggeſtions of prudence or propriety, is better acquainted with the letter than the ſpirit of freedom; and his diſappointments, or his diſtreſſes reſulting from his miſconception of that flattering word, ſo often articulated with exultation, ſo little, ſo very little underſtood, are hardly entitled to compaſſion.

No man was ever leſs acquainted with the preciſe meaning of the word liberty than the only ſon of a worthy citizen (a Mr. Harris) whoſe heart he broke by his free-ſpeaking, and free-living: and whom he ſaw carried to his grave with the ſenſations a gameſter deeply intereſted in a rubber would experience on the deciſion of it in his favour.

Ned Harris, though his father was very indulgent to him, and paid off his debts ſeveral times, did not feel himſelf ſo much at liberty as he wiſhed to be: he was cramped in his circumſtances: his annual allowance was ſcarce ſufficient for the exigencies of a month: he wanted to take poſſeſſion of all the money which his frugal parent had been heaping up for him, and was frequently ſo free of ſpeech as to tell him (in the language of the intriguing chamber maid) that he was villainouſly old.

Mr. Harris, though his ears were ſhocked whenever ſuch undutiful expreſſions were addreſſed to him, doated on the ungrateful boy too fondly to bequeath his fortune to a more deſerving relation, or to a charitable inſtitution. Accordingly, at the deceaſe of his father, Liberty Ned, (as his companions commonly called him, becauſe he was always bragging of his liberty) found himſelf in very affluent circumſtances. "Now I am quite

a free

a free man," ſaid he, when he ſigned the transfer books at the bank: "I can live entirely as I like, and care not a farthing for the greateſt man in the kingdom."

There was freedom enough in this ſpeech: but there was no prudence. He had ſpoken his mind, however, and was as well ſatisfied with what he had ſaid, as every perſon, within his hearing, was diſpleaſed with it. The words themſelves were ſufficiently unguarded: the tones in which they were delivered were inſufferably diſguſting.

Ned, after having engaged in a number of quarrels, by ſpeaking his mind, and by his too paſſionate attachment to liberty, which made him too proud to be governed by any prudential conſiderations, met with a paragraph one morning at the coffee-houſe, in the Gazetteer, that occaſioned violent emotions in him, and provoked him to undertake a very Quixotic expedition.

The paragraph by which Ned felt himſelf ſo violently agitated, was concerning a married lady in Yorkſhire, whoſe huſband, in a fit of jealouſy, had not only confined her, according to his intelligence, to her apartment, but treated her with an unpardonable ſeverity.

To the impriſoned lady, Ned was indeed perſonally not a ſtranger; but as the merits of the cauſe were totally unknown to him, and as the authenticity of the information was diſputable, he would not perhaps have poſted to Yorkſhire, in the character of a diſtreſſed lady's champion, had he not been a ſlave to liberty.

Many of his friends to whom he communicated his deſign, blamed him for his knight-errantry; and many treated his eagerneſs to intereſt himſelf in a quarrel between a man and his wife with the utmoſt contempt: they all diſſuaded him, in the ſtrongeſt terms, from the execution of his purpoſe. "No, no," replied Ned, "Mrs. D—— is a d—d fine woman. It was confoundedly wrong indeed, I will allow, in her to marry a man old enough to be her father; but ſhe ought not to loſe her liberty, becauſe ſhe has played the fool. D— has no right to lock her up; and I ſhall think I do a very laudable action by releaſing her from her confinement."

Ned left London, thinking too much of the end of his journey, to make any reflections on the length of it. The delivery of a handſome woman from her deſpotic huſband was the grand point he had in view, and he was determined to carry his deſign into execution.

Ned,

Ned, though a ſteady friend to freedom, was of too fickle a diſpoſition to adhere, with conſtancy, to any ſchemes which he had concerted. In a journey to Yorkſhire, it was highly probable that he would meet with incidents to put his ruling paſſion to a trial; and every body who knew him was pretty well aſſured that he would not let ſlip any opportunity, during his progreſs, to diſtinguiſh himſelf as a hero in the cauſe of liberty. With a ſpirit truly romantic, he voluntarily offered to aſſiſt all thoſe who ſeemed to groan beneath the yoke of deſpotiſm: but he frequently announced his readineſs to redreſs wrongs with ſo much zeal, and ſo little judgment, that while his intentions were defeated, his vanity was ſuſpected.

Thoſe who propheſied that Ned would meet with ſome adventure upon the road ſufficient to draw him off from his firſt deſign, were not out in their predictions. Before he had finiſhed his firſt day's journey, his attention was powerfully attracted by a company of ſtrollers in a cart, many of them in their theatrical dreſs, which had evidently never figured in the wardrobes of Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, or the Hay-Market. Upon making an enquiry into their precipitation, (for they were carried along at a pretty briſk rate) he found that they were hurrying themſelves from the malevolence

levolence of a neighbouring juſtice, who, being of an amorous conſtitution, and diſappointed by the reſiſtance one of the chaſte heroines made to his overture, had reſolved to puniſh the whole corps as vagabonds, though he had before not only winked at, but encouraged their dramatic performances.

Ned without conſidering the Theſpian troop in the light in which they appeared in the eye of the law, glowed with reſentment, and heroically declared that if they received the leaſt interruption in their removal, he would defend them at the hazard of his life. He had ſcarce uttered theſe words in a very ſpirited and reſolute tone, when the terrified juſtice, mounted on the fleeteſt horſe in his ſtable, and attended by a brace of his mirmidons, as well provided for expedition, made their appearance.

Unluckily, juſt at that moment the theatrical cart, or to ſpeak more genteelly, carriage was ſuddenly ſtopped by the flying off of one of the wheels. In conſequence of this accident, ſeveral of the illuſtrious perſonages tumbled out: and thoſe who were not ejected, were too much frightened at the appearance of the formidable magiſtrate, to be in any condition to oppoſe him. Not ſo frightened by his appearance was Ned: inſtead of being intimidated by his preſence, he rode up to the inflamed juſtice on his giving orders to ſeize

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the lawleſs crew, and intrepidly aſked him, what he meant by ſo arbitrary a proceeding. "I mean," ſaid the juſtice, "to ſend theſe impudent wretches to priſon for having dared to act looſe plays in my juriſdictions."

Ned was not at all ſatisfied with this anſwer: his reply produced a blow; and a bloody battle enſued: in that battle the ſlave to liberty loſt his life.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

Dutcheſs of K——ton.

WHEN the dutcheſs of K—was Miſs C—h, ſhe was diſappointed in love, and her admirer having married another lady, ſhe grieved ſo much, that ſhe kept her bed for ſome weeks. Her phyſician ordered her a preſcription, which, by an error of the apothecary, was compoſed of a great quantity of laudanum, which threw her into a ſleep of two days and two nights. The ill-natured world gave out that ſhe had poiſoned herſelf; but Lord Cheſterfield, who always vindicated her, contradicted

tradicted the report wherever he went, and hearing her falſe lover relate the ſtory, he told him, "My lord, you have endeavoured to poiſon every hour of the life of ſo amiable a woman, but in vain, and you are now mean enough to ſtab her reputation."

THE PERPLEXED WIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

POPE, in his Eſſay on the characters of women, tells us, that two ruling paſſions almoſt divide the third, and that

Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey
The love of pleaſure, and the love of ſway.

It may be affirmed becauſe experience warrants the affirmation, that the fair ſex are in general, extremely fond of pleaſure and of power, but though theſe paſſions may juſtly enough be called ruling ones, there is a third by which they are ſometimes over-ruled: the *love of play*: by the inſtigation of this paſſion, they not only throw themſelves often into painful ſituations, but into ſituations in which they loſe all their power, and are obliged to appear in the moſt humiliating light by the meanneſs of their ſubmiſſions.

Bred

Bred up in a very private way. in a romantic and unpopulous part of the kingdom, under the tuition of her exemplary parents, who could not afford to ſupport the expences of a genteel boarding-ſchool, Lætitia Bendiſh improved her mind and her perſon ſo much by a cloſe adherence to their inſtructions, that few women, with all the advantages of the moſt faſhionable education, acquitted themſelves with greater propriety in the politeſt circles.

With a fine underſtanding, and a ſtriking exterior, ſhe had a conſiderable ſhare of good nature and ſenſibility. As Mr. and Mrs. Bendiſh doated on their daughter, they did every thing in their power to promote the concurrence of her inclination with her duty, and ſhe ſincerely loved them, while ſhe honoured and obeyed them. Happy in the affection of her parents, ſhe only ſighed when ſhe could not relieve the wants of thoſe whoſe diſtreſſes ſtrongly moved her pity, and demanded her aſſiſtance. For no ſelfiſh gratifications did ſhe wiſh for affluence; ſhe was contented with her little ſphere of life; ſhe only envied the rich for the opportunities they had to employ their wealth in acts of liberality.

While ſhe was growing up every day more and more amiable in the partial eyes of thoſe who gave

her birth, Lætitia received a ſhock, which violently agitated her whole frame, being of a very delicate conſtitution, as well as keenly ſuſceptible of the tendereſt impreſſions. This ſhock was occaſioned by the death of her mother, and it was hardly ſupportable—a mother for whom ſhe ever had felt the higheſt eſteem, the moſt affectionate regard.

When the firſt effuſions of her poignant grief were over; when ſhe had loudly lamented her irreparable loſs in the moſt animated language, ſhe ſunk into a melancholy, from which all the efforts of her half diſtracted father, and a few ſelect friends, could not rouze her.

Mr. Bendiſh had always loved his daughter with a fondneſs of which no man but a father can have a proper idea: that fondneſs increaſed when he recollected the laſt words of a wife, whoſe ſeparation from him he felt as painfully, perhaps, as if every limb of his body had been amputated. She was every thing to him while ſhe lived: in her he found the wife, the miſtreſs, and the friend, moſt happily united. Unſpeakably wretched, was he, therefore, without her: doubly wretched, as his dear Lætitia, deeply affected by the blow which had deſtroyed his peace, was utterly unable to adminiſter any conſolation to him. Time, however,

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at length diſpelled the gloom which had hung over her, ſince her mother's death. Time, alſo, reconciled her father to his fate: and they both endeavoured to make each other's life comfortable to the utmoſt of their abilities.

Mr. Bendiſh, having been of a muſical turn from his cradle, acquired a conſiderable deal of muſical knowledge very early in life; and as that knowledge increaſed with his encreaſing years, he was ſufficiently qualified to be his daughter's inſtructer, when ſhe diſcovered a deſire to be acquainted with a ſcience to which her genius ſtrongly pointed her. At the time of her mother's deceaſe, ſhe played upon her harpſichord in a very maſterly manner, and gave no ſmall pleaſure to thoſe who heard her inſtrumental performances, eſpecially when ſhe accompanied them with a voice of which every tone was melodious. When her mother died,

"Her taſte for muſic then was o'er,"

But time, by reſtoring her to the full exertion of her faculties, reſtored alſo her muſical taſte, and in conſequence of that reſtoration, the melancholy reflections which now and then roſe in her mind had leſs and leſs power to diſturb its tranquillity.

To change the ſcene and to throw her thoughts into a quite new channel, Mr. Bendiſh carried his Lætitia to a watering place not many miles from his private peaceful habitation; not doubting but that the ſituation of the place itſelf, and the genteel company who frequented it in the ſeaſon, would greatly tend to promote the total removal of all depreſſing ideas.

Mr. Bendiſh, very ſoon after his arrival at Buxton, found—and with pleaſure—that his daughter was not a little admired for her perſon: he was, however, more flattered by the encomiums beſtowed upon her accompliſhments, having, himſelf, largely contributed to the conſequence ſhe derived from them. The ſatisfaction which he felt upon this occaſion, was conſiderably heightened by the propriety of her whole deportment, on her firſt public appearance, and his declared approbation of her conduct in the moſt encouraging terms, ſerved to render her additionally attentive to every part of her behaviour.

In the train of Lætitia's admirers was a Baronet, young and ſenſible: his figure was engaging: he was happy in his addreſs, and perfectly well bred. To Lætitia he behaved in the moſt reſpectful ſtyle, but he could not help taking pains, at the ſame

ſame time, to make her ſee that he diſtinguiſhed her from every other woman in the place.

Lætitia had ſagacity enough to ſee the conqueſt ſhe had made, and ſhe felt the importance of it; but conducted herſelf with the niceſt diſcretion, and neither by her looks nor any unguarded expreſſions, gave Sir James Halton reaſon to ſuppoſe that ſhe beheld him in the light of a lover. She treated him merely as a young fellow who deemed it neceſſary to flirt with every girl he met with, to ſhew his gallantry; and by ſo treating him, had the pleaſure to be aſſured that all her conjectures concerning the particularity of his carriage to her were confirmed.

Mr. Bendiſh plainly perceived that Sir James behaved to Lætitia as if he had very ſtrong prepoſſeſſions in her favour: he alſo as plainly perceived that Lætitia's heart felt ſtrong ſenſations in his behalf; but he kept the remarks which he made on the behavior of them both to himſelf; not without wiſhing, for his daughter's ſake, that Sir James would come to the point about her, as ſhe evidently longed for a regular declaration of that paſſion which his eyes very forcibly diſcovered for her.

Lætitia was naturally of a delicate, timid diſpoſition, and having been educated in the moſt pri-

vate

vate manner, had not acquired any of thoſe airs and graces which women of the world commonly adopt, in order to ſet themſelves off to the greateſt advantage. Conſcious of theſe deficiences, not a little depreſſed too by the ſtriking difference between her ſtation in life and that of her admirer, ſhe could not make that ſpirited diſplay of her attainments (which were really conſiderable) that ſhe would have done, perhaps, had ſhe found herſelf in a higher ſphere: or had the man who flattered her with his attentions and aſſiduities moved in a lower one.

In this ſituation, deeply in love with Sir James, almoſt dreading a diſappointment, and aſhamed to acquaint her father with the tumults in her tender boſom, ſhe waited with all the anxiety of impatience for an event on which the happineſs of her future life in a great meaſure, depended. Her feelings were doubly painful while ſhe ſtrove to confine them to her own breaſt, to conceal them from her father: ſhe did not indeed communicate them to him with her lips, but his penetration enabled him to dive into her ſoul, and explore its moſt ſecret receſſes. Pity was the firſt paſſion which his diſcoveries, in conſequence of his diſcernment, excited; terror was the ſecond: for Lætitia, injured by grief ariſing from the conceal-

men

ment of her Love, and the oppreſſion of her deſpair, appeared to be in a declining ſtate of health, and by her altered looks exceedingly alarmed the fondeſt of parents.

Terrified at the condition to which Lætitia's partialities in favour of Sir James, and the uncertainty occaſioned by Sir James's ſilence, had reduced her, Mr. Bendiſh could not behold her in that condition without the ſincereſt concern, and the moſt diſtreſſing apprehenſions. By repeated requeſts he prevailed on her to confeſs the cauſe of the pitiable change he had for ſome time obſerved in her; but her confeſſion only ſerved to increaſe his diſquiet on her account, as he was afraid to expect the wiſhed-for removal of it, and as he could not decently, he thought, take any ſteps towards the accompliſhment of his deſires, and the diſmiſſion of his doubts.

While the good Mr. Bendiſh, and his deſerving daughter, were thus unhappily ſituated, the latter drooping every day more and more under the preſſure of her tender ſorrows, and the former moſt affectionately lamenting the havock which thoſe ſorrows had made in her conſtitution, they were both ſuddenly relieved from their reſpective miſeries by the frank and generous behaviour of Sir James, by which he gave a happy turn to their

ſpirits

ſpirits, and exhibited himſelf in a light equally amiable and engaging.

It was ſome time indeed before Lætitia, (after what ſhe had ſuffered, during the agonies of ſuſpence,) recovered her health; ſhe was, however, in a little while reſtored to the full enjoyment of it. With the tranquillity of her mind, the beauty of her perſon returned; and it was, indeed, ſo much heightened by the happineſs of her heart, that Sir James grew more enamoured of her than he had ever been: and as her converſation alſo improved upon him, with the increaſing freedom which his generous propoſal had produced, he could not reſtrain himſelf from urging with all the eagerneſs of an impatient lover to fix a near day for the completion of his felicity. With all the delicacy ever becoming her ſex, particularly ſo upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhe diſcovered the pleaſure which his eagerneſs gave her; with equal delicacy ſhe left the nomination of her wedding day to him.

The delay on Sir James's ſide, with regard to the diſcloſure of that paſſion for Lætitia which ſhe had certainly kindled in his boſom, did not ariſe from a diminution of it, in conſequence of any impropriety in her conduct: it reſulted entirely from the ſtimulating deſire he felt to be aſſured his paſſion was returned; having never, in all his connections

nections with the female part of the human ſpecies, ſeen or converſed with a woman alluring enough to make a conqueſt of his heart. Accuſtomed, from his rank, his fortune, and his great alliances, to appear chiefly in the higher walks of life, he had with too much attention marked the behaviour of women of faſhion to wiſh to have any matrimonial tranſactions with them.

Boldneſs and affectation were two acquired accompliſhments in the fair ſex which he never admired; and as thoſe females who, in other reſpects, were moſt attractive in his eyes, diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe accompliſhments, he found in himſelf no propenſity to figure in the character of a married man.

Sir James's appearance at Buxton, at that time, was merely accidental: he had no intention to viſit that place when he left London, in order to make ſome improvements upon his Derbyſhire eſtate: it was in compliance with the particular requeſt of an old friend whom he overtook a few miles from the above mentioned town, that he accompanied him to the place to which he was going for the benefit of his health. When he was at the Wells, he was indeed ſufficiently ſatisfied with the company he met there, not to repent of the change

he had made in his travelling plan; but little did he imagine, that among the ladies aſſembled at Buxton he ſhould find one ſufficiently engaging to render herſelf neceſſary to his happineſs.

To the happineſs of Sir James, Lætitia became abſolutely neceſſary ſoon after his arrival at Buxton: ſhe appeared to him in every reſpect a woman formed to make an unexceptionable wife; and the moment he thought he could depend upon her being as much in love with him, as he was with her, he avowed his paſſion in the moſt flattering overtures.

As the friend whom Sir James had overtaken upon the road was the miniſter of a neighbouring pariſh, the nuptial ceremony was performed by him in his own church.

When all the previous preparations were finiſhed, the happy pair, with Mr. Bendiſh, not leſs happy, though in a different way, then ſet out thoroughly pleaſed with the buſineſs of the morning to Halton farm.

Lætitia, upon her arrival at the farm, not only found a very elegant houſe very pleaſantly ſituated, but ſhe alſo found every accommodation which ſhe wiſhed for to make life agreeable. No woman ever entered into the marriage ſtate with more

more tranſporting proſpects: no woman ever was more deſerving of all the felicity which that ſtate can beſtow.

On the approach of winter, Sir James carried his Lætitia to London, not without ſome triumphant ſenſations, believing that he had, in her, a wife as much ſuperior to the common run of married women in point of conjugal merit, as ſhe appeared in his eyes ſuperior to moſt women married or ſingle, in point of perſonal beauty. Allowances ſhould ever be made—and ever will be made by candid people—for the uxorious effuſions of a doating huſband; but Sir James Halton met with very few friends in the *great* world ready to bear the overflowings of his enraptured heart: they thought his behaviour to Lady Halton extremely ridiculous; and almoſt every female of his acquaintance, eſpecially the unmarried ladies, and thoſe who had hoped to ſhare his title with him, exclaimed againſt his choice of a wife in pretty ſmart expreſſions, mixing with their ſatire as much wit as they could muſter up upon ſo provoking an occaſion.

Thoſe, however, who ſaw her elevation with the greateſt diſquiet, behaved to her with the greateſt politeneſs: and very naturally thinking that they could not ſo effectually alienate her huſ-

band's affections from her, as by inſpiring her with the paſſion which he beheld in all women with abhorrence. This paſſion was gaming; and her ſeducers were too ſucceſsful.

Lady Halton, before the winter was over, grew ſo much devoted to the card table, that Sir James began to be both wretched and alarmed: wretched, as her attachment to play had evidently weakened her attachment to him: alarmed as her loſſes were conſiderably and frequently repeated: his peace was deſtroyed, and he was not quite eaſy about his honour. In hopes of recovering the firſt, and of preventing any injury to the laſt, he, with every payment of her honourable debts, endeavoured to prevail on her in the mildeſt and moſt ſoothing language never to touch another card. Lætitia could not help feeling the juſtneſs of his remonſtrances, but her heart was untouched by the perſuaſions of his lips: the four aces had taken poſſeſſion of it, and all his eloquence was inſufficient to diſlodge them.

After many fruitleſs efforts to gain the point he fervently wiſhed for, Sir James peremptorily aſſured Lætitia one day, that if ſhe ever played again a ſeparation ſhould immediately follow. Startled at this aſſurance, delivered with unuſual warmth, ſhe implored his forgiveneſs, and poſitively declared

clared that ſhe would act for the future in every reſpect, agreeably to his deſire and commands.

As this reply was accompanied with tears, Sir James was melted. With fondneſs he embraced her; pitied, loved; and pardoned.

The very next night Lætitia's evil genius carried her to Lady Sweepwell's rout. There ſhe plunged herſelf deeply in Lord Fleecer's debt, and was obliged, before ſhe left the room, to give him a ſolemn promiſe that ſhe would on the third day afterwards either produce the money he had won, or pay him in the mode he had propoſed for the cancelling of his winnings.

From this night to that preceding the day appointed for the adjuſtment of her account with Lord Fleecer, Lætitia's mind was in the moſt painful ſtate to be conceived, and its agony every moment increaſed. Terrified at the thoughts of being ſeparated from Sir James, (for whom all her conjugal affection now returned, and with violence) and dreading the interview with her formidable creditor, ſhe was tortured in the extreme. Sir James over-hearing a dialogue between her and her woman, was in ſpite of all he had ſaid concerning a ſeparation, ſo affected by her ſorrow and contrition, that he ruſhed into the room, preſſed her

her with ardour to his boſom, forgave her, and put it into her power to defeat Lord Fleecer's infamous deſigns.

Lætitia, ſtruck with her huſband's generoſity at the very time ſhe felt herſelf totally unworthy of his eſteem, became a new woman, a new wife, and to prevent a return of a paſſion which had nearly proved fatal to her, never played cards again.

THE

POWER of LOVE.

I.

AS arrows fly from bended yew,
So ſwift to meet my love I flew;
I ſought her through each ſhady grove,
The haunt of wiſdom and of love.

II.

But ah! in vain was all my care,
To find my lovely cruel fair;
She treads, alas! a diſtant plain,
And all my ſighs and tears are vain.

Tir'd

III.

Tir'd with the ſearch, I back return'd,
And all the way in ſilence mourn'd;
Then bow'd devout at Bacchus' ſhrine,
And thought to drown my cares in wine:

IV.

But all in vain; the potent juice
Did no ſuch wond'rous change produce;
My tortur'd brain, my throbbing breaſt,
Its boundleſs potent power confeſs'd.

V.

But love within my breaſt remain'd,
And o'er my heart imperious reign'd;
My ſoul diſſolv'd with fierce deſire,
Like Etna ſcorch'd with inward fire.

VI.

I tried ſweet muſic's magic ſounds,
To cure love's deep and bleeding wounds;
But every note and ſoothing ſtrain,
Did but increaſe my inward pain.

VII.

Tho' every muſe had try'd her power,
My mind's loſt peace quick to reſtore,
Not all their ſtrains my pain could move,
I ſtill muſt live the ſlave of love.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, he was highly careſſed by all the Engliſh nobility; but by none more than Lord Cheſterfield. His lordſhip gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accuſed the bard of inattention when he did not dine with him. Voltaire frequently excuſed himſelf in the moſt polite terms: but being one day a little hard run at White's upon the occaſion, the poet replied with ſome acrimony, "My lord, I always conſider it as a ſingular honour to be in company with a nobleman of your lordſhip's genius and abilities; but really, my lord, when I find how much you proſtitute the gifts of nature by entertaining ſharpers and adventurers, I pity your judgment, and admire my own abilities." His lordſhip turned upon his heel, and retorted, "*J'aime l' eſprit meme grand je le trouve dans un coquin.*" Voltaire did not rejoin.

THE

THE
FATAL ELOPEMENT.

A MORAL TALE.

WITH much propriety, as well as pathos, does Romeo exclaim,

"*Fathers have flinty hearts!*"

When parents, by whatever motives they are actuated, drive their children into the moſt binding connections, abhorred by them, are they not anſwerable for all the unhappineſs which thoſe children endure, reſulting from their compulſive obedience? The deciſions of reaſon are ſtrongly againſt the tyrannical exerciſe of parental authority; and filial diſobedience is ſurely, when that authority is abuſed, a venial crime, if indeed it can fairly be conſidered in a criminal light.

Mr. Ruſſet, a country gentleman, with a much larger eſtate than he deſerved, was upon all occaſions, as abſurd a being as ever exiſted; but he was, in his parental character, particularly reprehenſible. He had lately buried an exemplary wife, whom he hurried out of the world by his brutality, and had only a daughter living. With violent paſſions, he had a very weak underſtanding; but,

though extremely illiterate, he had ſo high an opinion of his own intellects, that he thought himſelf ſufficiently qualified to ſpeak in a deciſive tone upon every ſubject in the diſcuſion of which he was engaged.

Miſs Ruſſet, in her perſon, ranked among the *agreeables*; there was nothing ſtriking in her figure or her face; but as ſhe was naturally graceful in all her motions, and always looked good humoured, few people ſaw her without feeling prejudices in her favour. Had her father beſtowed a liberal or polite education on her, ſhe would probably have ſhone with the firſt women of the age; but in ſpite of all the diſadvantages under which ſhe laboured, in conſequence of her father's narrow way of thinking, abſurd way of acting, and inherent ruſticity, ſhe improved herſelf in ſuch a manner as to render her appearance engaging, and her converſation courted. Her behaviour was, upon every occaſion, under the direction of propriety.

Ruſſet, by having a daughter who never did any thing to diſpleaſe him intentionally, who made it her whole ſtudy to give him pleaſure, had a treaſure in his poſſeſſion; but he was totally ignorant of its value. Often indeed did he ſeem to be extravagantly fond of her; but if ſhe diſcovered,

at

at any time even by her looks the ſlighteſt oppoſition to his will (and he frequently required compliances which revolted againſt her inclination) his eyes flaſhed indignation, and he poured out his reſentment in the ſevereſt, rarely in the moſt decent language. Yet the harſhneſs of his expreſſions, never drew from her an undutiful word; ſhe was either ſilently ſubmiſſive or endeavoured, by the mildeſt modes of utterance, to appeaſe the ſtorm of paternal anger.

Ruſſet was a great politician, or rather a violent partyman; for he really knew no more about the political ſtate of his country than one of his pointers.

Having heard from his cradle, (as his father was a furious anti-courtier), the ſevereſt reflections on miniſterial meaſures, he grew up with a mortal averſion to all the proceedings of the cabinet, and ſtrictly oppoſed them, without giving himſelf time to conſider whether they might not be, if candidly examined, as beneficial to the nation, as he deemed them precipitately pernicious. At every county meeting he never failed to diſcover the littleneſs of his mind, by railing at the premier for the time being, and as certainly at an election ſupported, with all his intereſt, the candidate againſt whom the miniſter exerted his temporary power.

Ever ready to ſupport a man whom the miniſter oppoſed, he was particularly animated—inflamed indeed—with the ſpirit of oppoſition, when a neighbouring gentleman, extremely offenſive to him on many accounts, offered himſelf to be a Repreſentative for the neareſt town to which they both reſided.

Mr. Ruſſet's violent oppoſition to Mr. Greening gave no ſmall uneaſineſs to his amiable daughter, as ſhe had unluckily ſettled her affections on that gentleman's only ſon, a very agreeable and accompliſhed young fellow, lately arrived from France; additionally accompliſhed by foreign travel, without having left any of his Engliſh virtues upon the Continent.

Young Greening, though he had ſeen none ſo attractive in his eyes in every reſpect; and it was with the ſincereſt pleaſure that he perceived he was far from being an object of indifference in her eyes. Having frequently converſed with each other at a neutral houſe in the neighbourhood, at the houſe of a benevolent lady, who had a great regard for Miſs Ruſſet, and no leſs eſteem for the whole Greening family, they became too ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in each other's favour not to wiſh for an indiſſoluble union. Their hearts, indeed, were united: but they dared not to think of an hymeneal connection. The

The good lady, who was viſited both by Mr. Greening and Mr. Ruſſet—tho' never at the ſame time—took great pains to make them preſer the happineſs of their children to the gratification of their party paſſions; but all her efforts were fruitleſs; they would not hear of the alliance forcibly recommended between their families, and at length, carried their mutual reſentment ſo far as to forbid the fond lovers to meet again at the houſe of her whom they now looked upon no longer in a neutral light, but as a perſon who, being zealous for a marriage of which they highly diſapproved, would probably take ſome ſteps to bring about the conſummation of it.

To prevent his ſon from having any more interviews with Clara Ruſſet, Mr. Greening ſent him into the North, to tranſact an affair of a ſingular nature for him. Mr. Ruſſet was extremely well pleaſed with George's removal, but ſtill more when the younger ſon of the Earl of B—— came down to oppoſe Mr. Greening.

As Lord S—— was the ſon of a patriotic earl, he came ſufficiently recommended to Mr Ruſſet; and he intereſted himſelf ſo much in his lordſhip's behalf, that he carried his election with a high hand. To increaſe Mr. Ruſſet's tranſports upon the joyful occaſion, Lord S—— begged he might have

have the honour of being allied to him by marrying his daughter.

Ruſſet, when Lord S——made ſo flattering a requeſt, was almoſt delirious with delight; to marry his daughter to a man who had ever ſhewn the ſtrongeſt deſire to oppoſe all miniſterial meaſures, and the ſon of an earl too—the thoughts of ſuch a brilliant marriage half diſtracted him.

Poor Clara, whoſe ſoul doated on her George, received the addreſſes of Lord S—— with tears, and the commands of her father to accept of them with terror. For a long time ſhe hefitated, not knowing how to act in ſo cruel, as well as critical, a ſituation; but at laſt, the dreadful apprehenſions with which her mind was harrowed, when ſhe reflected on the excruciating miſeries which numbers of her ſex have endured in conſequence of their filial diſobedience, urged her to give her hand to her noble lover; but her heart falſified the language of her lips while ſhe repeated the irrevocable words.

In a few weeks after his marriage, Lord S——, hearing of the arrival of a ſiſter of his at Paris, and of her confinement there (by the return of a diſorder, under the preſſure of which ſhe had been greatly relieved by the waters of Bareges) ſet out for

for that capital, and carried Clara with him, not, however, in the character of an affectionate husband, who loved his wife better than any woman in the world—No; he carried her in the character of a jealous husband. The truth is, he had, soon after his marriage, very broad hints directed to him concerning Lady S——'s attachment to George Greening, and the coldness of her whole behaviour to him left him no room to question it. He never had felt, indeed, much love for the woman he married; as he was a younger brother, and slightly, as he thought, provided for, he availed himself of Ruffet's vanity and pride to improve his circumstances by a lucrative alliance with him.

It is impossible to describe the state of George's mind when he, in the midst of the business he was transacting for his father, heard of the marriage of the mistress of his heart. He behaved rather like a madman than a rational creature, and hurried home with the utmost expedition, in order to seize an opportunity to expostulate with his Clara on her desertion, after having promised so faithfully to be his alone.

By travelling with more precipitation than prudence, he was, by the time he arrived at his father's house, in a high fever.

Lady

Lady S——, when ſhe was acquainted with the arrival, and with the ſituation of him whom ſhe ſtill loved (though ſhe often blamed herſelf ſeverely for indulging a paſſion which could not be cheriſhed by her with diſcretion) was but a few miles from him, and preparing for her little voyage. She wept at the melancholy intelligence, and even reproached herſelf for having been the eventual cauſe of it. The attempt to ſee her deſerted lover would, ſhe knew, be a wild one; yet ſhe could not refrain from writing an affectionate note to him, full of pity, full of contrition, replete with the ſincereſt wiſhes for his welfare in general; replete with the moſt fervent prayers for his recovery in particular.

The peruſal of this note, diſpatched by Lady S—— to him by a confidential meſſenger, did more towards his recovery than all the medicines which his phyſicians had preſcribed for him.

"She is to be pitied," ſaid he, kiſſing the note, and preſſing it to his boſom; "ſhe is truly to be pitied—What a brute is that father who dooms his daughter to perpetual wretchedneſs, by compelling her to marry a man whom ſhe cannot love!"

Such ſoliloquies as theſe frequently burſt from him, during the recovery of his ſtrength and ſpirits.

When

When his health was re-eſtabliſhed enough to permit him to travel, he ſet out for France with redoubled ardour, as a friend of his there informed him that Lord S—— had not only treated his Clara with the greateſt unkindneſs, ſince her departure from England, but had kept her ſo cloſely confined at a chateau he had hired for the ſummer near Paris, as to render her apartment a priſon.

George had been very rightly informed concerning the injurious treatment which Lady S—— had met with from her jealous huſband (a treatment ſhe had by no means merited, as ſhe had not, though ſhe could not behold him with the eyes of affection, given him any reaſon to ſuſpect her fidelity to him) but he certainly made a reſolution not to be defended, when he reſolved to deliver her from her captivity. Impelled by love, he was deaf to the voice of diſcretion.

Lord S—— being no ſtranger to Clara's prior attachment, often upbraided her, in the bittereſt terms, for having married him; and was, indeed, not a little apprehenſive of George's making ſome attempts to get at the idol of his heart, before he heard of his embarkation at Dover. As ſoon as he received that intelligence, his behaviour to Lady S—— was ſtill more unkind and he ordered

her to be watched with a vigilance which would, he thought, ſufficiently fruſtrate any deſigns formed by his rival to procure an interview with her.

George, on his arrival at Paris, went immediately to the friend who had acquainted him, from time to time, with his Clara's diſtreſsful ſituation, and conſulted him how to proceed in a manner the moſt likely to be attended with ſucceſs. The active jealouſy of his lordſhip, and his extreme vigilance, ſeemed to place unſurmountable bars in his way; but the point he had in view made ſo deep an impreſſion upon him, that he was not deterred from the execution of his deſigns by the difficulties which threatened him. His friend, indeed, talked to him very ſtrongly in the diſſuaſive ſtile; but his diſſuaſions were ſlighted.

While he was projecting the deliverance of his Clara, he received a letter from her which contained ſo pathetic an account of her confinement, that he was doubly animated to undertake her releaſe.

In a ſhort time afterwards, with the aſſiſtance of a faithful ſervant, a fellow of great dexterity who artfully introduced himſelf into Lord S——'s family, he projected the deliverance of his dear Clara. In conſequence of her being permitted to walk every day in the garden, when the weather

was

was favourable, and of being attended by a new duenna, who luckily pitied her unhappy condition, ſhe agreed to meet her lover in a field adjoining to it; and both of them, when they had fixed the important interview, waited for the appointed moment, with the utmoſt impatience. They met, they embraced, and proceeded with mutual delight to the aſylum ready for their reception; but juſt when they were within ſight of it, they were ſurpriſed by Lord S—— attended by ſeveral of his domeſtics.

George, for a while, though unſupported, endeavoured to protect Lady S—— againſt her huſband, and his myrmidons: his efforts were vigorous; but they were the efforts of a Quixote; they could not poſſibly prove ſucceſsful. He had the cutting mortification to ſee the miſtreſs of his heart hurried away from him, and he was additionally grieved to think that he ſhould, probably, never have it again in his power to reſcue her from the arms of her tyrant. Slight, however, was the mortification, and that grief, compared to the agonies he felt when he was informed, in a few weeks afterwards, that Lord S——'s increaſing ill uſage had put a period to his Clara's exiſtence.

George on the deceaſe of a woman whom he could not ceaſe to love with the greateſt ardour, though he knew that his paſſion for her became

criminal as ſoon as ſhe was the wife of another man, haſtened to England, being unable to remain in a place in which he had been ſo cruelly diſappointed, and ſo ſeverely diſtreſſed. On his return home, and acquainting his father with the affliction of his heart, he met with a reception which he little expected. Mr. Greening, having been previouſly informed of his ſon's raſh, indefenſible proceedings, inſtead of giving him an affectionate welcome, reprimanded him in the ſharpeſt accents for his precipitate behaviour; to which, he added, Lady S—'s death might fairly be attributed to him, as her huſband's ill uſage had been redoubled by her inconſiderate elopement with him. George when he came to think ſeriouſly on what his father had ſaid to him, felt all the force and juſtneſs of his reprehenſions. Looking upon himſelf as the immediate cauſe of his Clara's untimely death, he was harraſſed with the moſt painful reflections, and thoſe reflections threw him into a melancholy, which no applications, phyſical or moral could remove.

WINTER

A Tempestuous Night.

LO! Winter's direful glooms appear!
Foul vapours taint the lucid air,
And ſable tinctures glow;
The joyleſs rains, portending floods,
Loud boiſt'rous winds untop the woods,
That grumbling wave below.

When Sol the weſtern ocean ſeeks,
And æther ſtains with fiery ſtreaks,
The clouds uncertain roll;
Till from the leaden-colour'd eaſt
Pale Luna riſes from her reſt,
But holds a ſhort controul.

See through the fluctuating air,
Obtuſe, the glitt'ring ſtars appear,
Or ſhooting quick, exhale:
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies plays the leaf;
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs, with grief,
The threat'ning ſtormy gale.

The plumy race its changes ſpeak,
In thicken'd groves they ſhelter ſeek,
To ſhun tempeſtuous night:
The ſcreech-owl plies its doleful ſtrains;
The clam'rous rooks, in blacken'd trains,
Thick urge their weary flight.

In barren fields the cattle fed
With fodder ſeek the kinder ſhed,
With moſt anxious care;
Forth from the ruſtling foreſts high
The ſolemn ſounding whirlwinds fly,
And bids the world prepare.

In ſudden burſt the tempeſt pours;
The rolling clouds its heavy ſhow'rs
In rapid torrents ſend:
The crack'ling thunder knows no bound;
Fierce light'nings ſkim along the ground,
In deſolation end.

The breathleſs trav'ller, all aghaſt,
Shrinks to the ground beneath the blaſt,
That o'er him now ſhall glide:
The harmleſs flocks, that graze the plain,
The floods now ſweep into the main;
Huge uproar lords it wide.

All nature reels. A ſhocking ſcene!
'Till the Almighty Power Supreme
Bids the rude world be ſtill.
Then ſtraight, by his command ſuppreſt,
The boiſt'rous winds retire to reſt,
At his Omniſcient Will.

A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF FRENCH PERFIDY.

AS every method, conſiſtent with truth and juſtice, ſhould be purſued to impregnate our minds with the idea of Gallic Perfidy, ſo every conſolation that a well grounded hope can preſent to us, ought to be adminiſtered to our countrymen, to chear up their ſpirits under the preſent gloom in the political atmoſphere; and as nothing can be more conducive to that ſalutary end than an extract from well-atteſted facts in hiſtory, the following inſtance will ſhew that the friendſhip of France has always been fatal and unlucky to thoſe who have made trial of it.

We ſhall proceed to conſider one of the deepeſt and moſt cruel tragedies that ever was acted upon the ſtage of Europe: a tragedy it was, that will fix an eternal blemiſh upon the memory of Louis the Great, and ſerve as a warning to all poſterity how they truſt to the friendſhip of a Prince who ſacrifices honour, faith, and all that ought to be accounted moſt ſacred among men, to his ambition and his intereſt. I mean the affair of Meſſina, which happened in the following manner:

Though

Though by the contract of marriage between Louis the Fourteenth and the King of Spain's ſiſter confirmed by the treaty of the Pyrenees, in the year 1660, the French King had entered into a firm alliance with his brother-in-law, and formally renounced all right to the ſucceſſion of the crown of Spain, and whatever pretenſions he might have to his territories, in caſe of his Catholic Majeſty's deceaſe; yet, notwithſtanding that treaty, and contrary even to common generoſity, Louis the Fourteenth had well nigh ſtripped his brother-in-law, who was ſcarce turned of infancy, of one of his fineſt kingdoms, that of Sicily. Ever ſince that iſland became part of the dominions of Spain, the city of Meſſina had made a very conſiderable figure, and obtained ſuch ample and advantageous privileges, that ſhe ſeemed rather a Republic within her little diſtrict, than a town under the ſubjection of a Monarchy. Very few cities went beyond her for trade; ſhe therein excelled moſt of the Empires in the world: nor was there any of her bigneſs in the Mediterranean that pretended to come up with her in riches. Such was Meſſina; and ſuch, perhaps, ſhe might have remained to this day, but for the fatal friendſhip of Louis the Great, who plunged her into deep ruin, without reſource.

The

The Viceroy having laid new duties upon certain merchandizes, the Meſſineſe exclaimed againſt that impoſition, as an injury done them. Nor were the Agents and Penſioners of France wanting on that occaſion to blow the coal into ſuch a flame, that at laſt they obliged thoſe unhappy people, by their flattering promiſes and ſly inſinuations, to ſhake off the Spaniſh yoke, and put themſelves under the protection of France.

But it was not long before the Meſſineſe repented the folly they had committed. Neither were the arms of a minor King, whom they had abandoned, ſo much the ſubject of their repentance, as the inſolences continually offered them by the French garriſon and governor, whom they had received. In a word, the French behaving themſelves like maſters, and not like protectors, convinced the Meſſineſe, but too late, that they had leaped out of the frying pan into the fire. Nevertheleſs, the poor people, conſcious to themſelves that they had given the King of Spain no cauſe of complaint, and finding on the other hand that it was impoſſible for them to diſengage themſelves from the French, ſhut their eyes againſt the rigours with which they were treated by thoſe maſters, and reſolved to make their new ſlavery as eaſy to them as poſſible. After they had thus

groaned for ſome years under the French yoke, at laſt an end was put to their unſpeakable miſery.

Monſieur de la Feuillade arriving at Meſſina the 20th of February, 1678, with a conſiderable fleet of men of war, was received by the Meſſineſe with all poſſible tokens of joy, aſſumed the title of Viceroy, and took a public oath to defend the city againſt all who ſhould attack it. On the laſt day of the ſame February, that gentleman aſſembled the inhabitants, and told them that he had orders from his maſter to undertake ſomething of importance, in order to procure them a very conſiderable advantage. This the deluded people immediately took to be at leaſt the reduction of Syracuſe, and the reſt of the iſland; and the better to keep them in their blindneſs and ignorance, Monſieur de la Feuillade ordered a great number of waggons, mules, and oxen, to be got ready, as if he deſigned to tranſport proviſions by land, cauſed the French garriſon of Meſſina, conſiſting of about 6000 men, to be re-embarked the 9th of March, ſhipped off ſeveral pieces of heavy artillery, juſt as if he had intended to put this great enterprize in execution; ſet out from Meſſina with loud acclamations of the betrayed inhabitants, and ſailed directly for France, abandoning the poor wretches to the mercy of the incenſed Spaniards.

The

The next day the French fleet, meeting with a violent ſtorm, was obliged to return into the bay of Meſſina; and the citizens ſtill perſuaded of the ſincerity of the men who betrayed them, preſented the admiral with a conſecrated flag to ſet up at his ſhip's ſtern; but the wind coming fair the 15th of March, and the Frence ſoldiers, who had landed, embarked again in the greateſt hurry, with all that ever they had left behind them at their firſt embarkation, made the Meſſineſe at laſt ſuſpect, all of a ſudden, they were betrayed; inſomuch, that the people running to Monſieur de la Feuillade, juſt as he was upon the point of leaving them, obliged him to return to the town-houſe, where he made a ſpeech to the Meſſineſe, tranſported with rage and fury, concluding with theſe mortifying expreſſions: "In a word, I am commanded by my maſter to carry my troops back to France; you muſt therefore endeavour to defend yourſelves for two months, at the expiration of which time I ſhall return; mean while if any of you have a mind to go to France, you may, provided you do it in good order."

This thunderclap ſtruck the Meſſineſe with ſuch a general conſternation, that of all the citizens only 112 of the richeſt had the reſolution to accept of the offer. And indeed they had no time

to prepare for their departure, for the French fleet hoiſted ſail the next day, leaving Meſſina never to ſee it more.

A ſingular example this of the generoſity, and faith, and friendſhip, of Louis the Fourteenth; who thereby ruined one of the richeſt cities in Europe, and condemned to the gibbet above 300 of her principal inhabitants, whom the Spaniards ſacrificed to their reſentment as ſoon as they had retaken Meſſina; and one of the unhappy gentlemen, whom Monſieur de la Feuillade carried off, who had been Conſul of the place, and one of the wealthieſt merchants in the Levant, was afterwards forced to beg his bread in France.

THE

Romantic Daughters:

OR,

A PLEASANT REVENGE.

"WAS there ever ſuch treatment?" ſaid Mr. Trueman to his friend Worthy, as they came together from the houſe of old Mr. Meanwright, who was an honeſt farmer, and at the importunity

portunity of his daughters, had come to town to treat the girls with a ſight of London. Theſe two gentlemen, Trueman and Worthy, were his country neighbours, two wealthy Eſquires, who paid court to his daughters with deſigns of the moſt honourable nature. They accompanied the farmer up to town, to make the party more agreeable; but the girls had no ſooner got into London, than they put on London airs, recollected all the nonſenſe they had picked out of romances, and commenced all at once perſons of infinite taſte and condition. As to their old country lovers, they were now out of the queſtion, forſooth. No, no; they muſt have ſomething more refined—more *ton*—more every thing that belongs to London!

"Was there ever ſuch treatment?" ſaid Mr. Trueman; "why the girls will ſcarce deign to give us a civil anſwer. My Moll and your Bett are quite in metamorphoſe. Odds, honeſty, my friend, was there ever ſuch a change! Why, they affect to whiſper, to gape, to loll, to leer, to hear a little, to ſee leſs; and, in fine, they do not chuſe to know either us or themſelves. However, this may be all very fine; but if you will come into my ſcheme, I will play on their exalted Ladyſhips a trick of retaliation, that ſhall make them remember their infidelity and coquetiſh airs as long as they

they live. I know a couple of cunning, ſhrewd fellows, who will aid our plot charmingly; and it is a project that will, I dare ſay, not only make them love us hereafter the better for it, but make them excellent ſtay at-home women for the future."

Juſt at the period of the departure of theſe two angry lovers, the honeſt farmer met them going out of the door. "Whither ſo faſt gentlemen?" ſaid he. But, without deigning to anſwer, they both pulled off their hats, and bruſhed by haſtily. This conduct nettled the old man, who went directly to his daughters, and demanded to know what they had done to the young men, in order to ſend them out of the houſe in ſuch a huff.

"Lord, papa," ſaid the eldeſt of them, adjuſting her hair at the glaſs, "I wonder you call one from the duties of the *toylitte*, to anſwer ſuch nonſenſe. As to thoſe young men, I am ſurprized they can have the aſſurance to ſuppoſe we can attend to their ſighs and nonſenſe, now we are got to London. Beſides, it is the very bottomleſs pit of ill-breeding, papa, to talk bluntly, as they do, of love and matrimony, without preparing one for it: for every body knows that marriage is the laſt thing, after a thouſand other charming ceremonies, which, by little and little, lead us to it. Oh, Heavens,

vens, papa! it is proper that lovers of two ſuch girls as we, ſhould exerciſe their wits a thouſand ways to pleaſe us; and even at laſt the declaration ſhould not be given, unleſs in a harbour, or elſe in a private chamber, and always with tears in their eyes, upon their knees. Then, after this, papa, come on difficulties, perſecutions, pains, penalties, falſe ſuſpicions, complaints, hopes, deſpairs, quarrels, reconciliations, according to the laws of every well-written romance in the Engliſh language. Then the dreſs of Trueman and Worthy!—Did ever two ſuch woeful-looking lovers appear in London before?—No, papa, they may do for dirty places in the Hundreds of Eſſex; but, for any thing elſe a little more delicate, they are inſupportable. To ſay the truth, papa, I wiſh you would do us the credit, to dreſs a little more like Mr. Somebody."

Poor Mr. Meanwright lifted up his hands, and exclaimed furiouſly that he did not comprehend one ſyllable of their nonſenſe, but that he inſiſted upon their behaving to Trueman and Worthy as uſual. "I tell you, you jades," ſaid the old man, "they are men of worth and wealth: I know their families, their friends, their aunts, couſins, and characters. I know all about them; and if you uſe them ſo again, as I have reaſon to believe you have

have of late, I will never own you for my daughters again."

At the end of this ſpeech, however, Lady Moll and Madam Bett repaired again to the glaſs, and began again the buſineſs of powdering, curling, frizzing, and pomatuming

In the mean time, Worthy and Trueman were putting their little plot of revenge in execution, or rather *preparing* it. They had knowledge of two lads of London, who were equal to every frolic that could poſſibly be ſtarted, and who, indeed, ſeemed to rejoice in every thing that looked like a piece of roguery. They were in a low ſtation, the one being a cobler, and the other a currier; but they anſwered the preſent purpoſe, as the reader will ſee, to a miracle. But I muſt not too much anticipate.

While the honeſt farmer went out to the lodgings of his two young neighbours, in order to be heartily reconciled to them, the farmer's country ſervant, Robin, came into the ladies room, and, in his aukward way, told them that there was a monſtrous great man dreſſed *nation fine*, come to wait upon them. This information put the girls into a great flurry; and e're they could well adjuſt themſelves, in came a Mr. Somebody, under the character

character of my Lord Dazzlebutton, humming an Italian air with as abſolute an aſſurance and conſciouſneſs as if he was really a nobleman. "My name, is Dazzlebutton! I am the richeſt man in London: I lead the world: and I am drawn by the report of your beauty, which I find even *greater* than reported, to pay my adoration to your charms.

While the girls were preparing a complimental reply to this Pindariciſm, in came another Mr. Somebody; who after many ſcrapes and writhings of the body, announced himſelf to be the Earl of Star and Garter. The two Lords paid due homage to each other: they flattered; they fidgeted; they picked their teeth; they talked ſcandal. They were excellent repreſentatives of very, very fine gentlemen indeed!

The girls were ſo wholly taken up with their new gueſts, that they neither thought of their father, nor their lovers. They imagined that, by a kind enchantment, they were to be led forth into palaces, and chariots, and that all the univerſe was to be changed upon them for the better. The mock Lords continued to lord it to admiration, and had by heart the whole routine of the mode. And that this degree of perfection may not aſtoniſh the reader, it may be proper to let him know

that theſe two young fellows had formerly ſerved as valets to two of thoſe ſparks, whoſe whole buſineſs is comprized in the firſt arts of converſation and non-entity. How after ſuch an eaſy, do-nothing ſituation, the one of theſe lads could ſtoop to cobble a ſhoe, and the other to curry a hide, the God of changes and revolutions alone can tell: ſo it was.

Having carried this farce on till the very heads and hearts of the girls was on fire, Mr. Meanwright knocked at the door; but on his entering the room, how am I to deſcribe the good man's amazement, upon ſeeing two ſuch flaming heroes! He retired back a few paces, and held his hat in his hand. The Nobles perſiſted in their importance; but, upon being told by Lady Moll *that* was their father, they were graciouſly pleaſed to deſire he would ſit down. This he did, after great ſcruple and heſitation, not yet having ſufficient courage to aſk who he had the honour to entertain.

To relieve him however, from this irkſome ſituation, Trueman and Worthy, the two maſters of the ſcene, gave a furious knock, and entered the apartment juſt as Lord Dazzlebutton had propoſed to the Earl of Star and Garter that they ſhould make a party to the play, juſt to give a ſquint at the

the boxes, and ſo off again to Almacks. The Earls had, however, their cue. No ſooner did they perceive Trueman and Worthy enter the room, than they roſe from their ſeats, and pretended to pay them the utmoſt reſpect.

The girls were chagrined at this. The farmer ſat in ſilent aſtoniſhment. "Oh, now I think of it," ſaid Trueman to one of the noblemen, "Pray, have you done heel-tapping my ſhoe Mr. Briſtle?" "Heel-tapping your ſhoe!" cried Lady Bett, bluſhing: Do you know what you ſay? Silence, man, that is my Lord Dazzlebutton, the richeſt man in town, and who came here on purpoſe to pay his devoirs to our charms!" "Is it" ſaid Trueman: "I beg his Lordſhip's pardon; but, notwithſtanding that, if my ſhoes are not brought home to my lodgings very ſtoutly ſoaled and heeled, his Lordſhip and I ſhall have a ſore quarrel, I doubt."

Before the amazement occaſioned by this diſcourſe had time to go off, Mr. Worthy, on the other part, encreaſed it, by aſking the Earl of Star and Garter, alias Mr. Skinner, the currier, whether he found dog's ſkin or calf ſkin take the tan beſt?" "What the deuce is all this!" ſaid the farmer, riſing. The Ladies were at a ſtand. "Well, but here, gentlemen," ſaid Trueman to the mock

Lords, "here's a crown a-piece for your trouble: your Lordſhips may now deſcend again into your own private characters. Our deſign is fully anſwered: the clothes you will be ſo good to leave in our lodgings, that we may return them to the proprietor in Monmouth-Street. In our rooms, Mr. Skinner, you will find your jerkin; and you, Mr. Briſtle, will find your leathern apron. Farewell: when you go next in a great character, may you be equally ſucceſsful! I have the honour to wiſh your Lordſhip a very good day."

"That may be, Mr. Trueman, ſaid the currier, who was the archeſt of the two—"that may be; but if you ordered us to puſh the matter as far as it would go, we ſhould have put your noſe out of joint, I can tell you that; for both the Ladies would have married our clothes and titles with all the pleaſure in the world; and, o'my conſcience, I believe if you had ſtaid a little longer, the currier and the cobler had fairly put to flight all the pretentions of the 'Squire and the eſtate in the country." "How, Ladies!" ſaid Trueman, "is this true?" "For ſhame, for ſhame!" exclaimed the father: "A'n't you fine ladies to play theſe pranks! What, you muſt have Lords, muſt you! Honeſt men, and well to live, won't do for you dainty ones! Mr. Trueman, give me your hand; I like

I like your ſcheme of all things." "But then the unfortunate conſequence, my good Sir!" ſaid Worthy, affecting ſurprize; the conſequence!" "What conſequence!" cried the girls trembling. "Why, the whole affair will be all over the town by to-morrow night: there is nothing done in London, of this kind, that does not creep into the news-papers; and by this means both your daughters, farmer, will be hooted at as they paſs along the ſtreets. This London is a moſt dreadful town for that."

"Here's a fine piece of work for you!" cried the father. "Oh, what a curſe it is upon an honeſt man to have two unmarried girls upon his hands!" "I ſhall die with ſhame!" ſaid Lady Moll. "I ſhall ſink into the earth!" ſaid Lady Bett. — "And is there no way to ſcreen our heads, and even eyes and ears, from this infamy?" ſaid the old man, whoſe ignorance of the town made him really think the news-paper ſtrokes true. "Is there no way, Maſter Worthy?" "Yes," ſaid Worthy, very gravely, "I think there is." "What is it? What is it?" cried the girls eagerly. "To return again into the country by day-break, and never mention the affair again. When you are not ſeen about town, the thing will ſoon be blown over, and forgotten. This is the

the only remedy to ſave you from ruin.—Will you conſent?" "Conſent!" ſaid the girls, heartily humiliated, "We will conſent to ſet off in the middle of the night; and we here both of us promiſe, upon our knees, never to make ſuch fools of ourſelves again, nor never to mention a Lord's name, for the time to come, without trembling."

"That the matter may be more complete, (continued Bett,) I am on my knees alſo, in order to ſay, that if Worthy will take me, and Trueman my ſiſter, after our romance, I will be unto him a faithful wife; and we will ſooner think of drinking up the ocean, than of ever deſiring another journey to London." "A match!" cried Trueman. "A match!" echoed Worthy. "I am then the happieſt old man in all Eſſex!" cried the father, and wiped away the water that came into his eyes.

The ſcheme ſucceeded. They left London: they married. They now and then mentioned Lord Star and Garter, and Lord Dazzlebutton's adventure over their own fire-ſide,—but their utmoſt excurſion is now, once a year, to a neighbouring fair, and perhaps a hop at farmer Divegale's on Martlemas-Day.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF A HERMIT.

A CERTAIN holy hermit named Parnhe, being upon the road to meet his biſhop who had ſent for him, met a lady moſt magnificently dreſſed, whoſe incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The ſaint, having looked at her, and being himſelf ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, immediately burſt into tears. Thoſe who were with him wondering to ſee him weep, demanded the cauſe of his grief.

"I have two reaſons, replied he, for my tears; I weep to think how fatal an impreſſion that woman makes on all who behold her; and I am touched with ſorrow when I reflect that I, for my ſalvation, and to pleaſe God, have never taken one tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to pleaſe men alone."

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

MAURICE SUCKLING.

WHEN Mr. Suckling was a young man, he was remarkable for a foppiſhneſs of dreſs, and effeminacy of manners, which rendered him extremely ridiculous, particularly among his brother tars, who gave him the appellation of FINE BONES; however, the anecdote we are going to relate of him, affords a ſtriking inſtance that military men are not always to be judged of by appearances. When Captain Suckling commanded a ſhip under the late Commodore Foreſt, they were cruizing, three in company, off the iſland of Hiſpaniola, when being obſerved by FIVE French ſhips of SUPERIOR force then lying at Cape Francois, they immediately got under weigh with a view of capturing the Britiſh ſhips. The Commodore judged it adviſeable to make the ſignal for the other two ſhips to come within hail, in order to conſult their Captains on what was beſt to be done.—The brave Suckling without heſitation replied,—"WHY, ENGAGE THEM TO BE SURE." This ſo much aſtoniſhed the ſhip's company, that they voluntarily gave FINE BONES three hearty cheers.—

cheers.—He then called his firſt Lieutenant to him, and ſaid, " Sir, I am ſenſible there are many reflections and prejudices againſt my character; if therefore any part of my conduct during the approaching engagement, ſhould betray the leaſt marks of impropriety or fear, I deſire you will ſend me forthwith below deck, and take the command of the ſhip." In ſhort, Captain Suckling behaved with the utmoſt intrepidity throughout the action; and this little ſquadron gave the haughty MONSIEURS ſo ſevere a drubbing, that they returned in the moſt ſhattered condition to the Cape, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of Hiſpaniola, who had prepared a grand entertainment for the reception of the Britiſh priſoners. Commodore Foreſt's ſquadron had ſcarcely a maſt ſtanding when they put into port.

THE WILL,

A GRECIAN STORY.

ATHENDORUS lived at Athens. He punctually diſcharged the duties of a good citizen. His fortune was below mediocrity. A ſmall patrimony had ſcarcely ſufficed for the expences of his education. His fidelity to his friends, his tenderneſs to his parents, his taſte for the ſciences, his genius and ſtrict integrity, merited, and acquired him the love and reſpect of his fellow citizens: While young he had given ſalutary counſels to his country, and had ſerved it with diſtinction in its wars. The different ſects of philoſophers, contended amongſt themſelves for the honour of having him for a diſciple. Athendorus refuſed to make a choice. Perhaps he was deterred by their perpetual diſputes; it may be he was afraid, that by joining one ſect he would give offence to the reſt; or perhaps he was contented to conduct himſelf through life like a true philoſopher without being ambitious of the title. The wealthieſt citizens of Athens were his friends. They were in vain deſirous of making him amends for the injuſtice of fortune. Philocles was the only perſon from whom he would receive the ſmalleſt favour, even when ſtruggling with extreme

treme penury. Monimia, a young Athenian, indigent, but beautiful, gentle, modeſt, and virtuous, touched his heart; ſhe was equally charmed with Athendorus. The horrors of poverty did not terrify them: their ſouls were mingled, and determined to join their hands. Content with little, honeſt induſtry ſupplied all their wants. They found a thouſand pleaſing means of rendering their burthen more light, and they mutually aided each other in ſupporting it. Happineſs ſo pure would never have ſuffered abatement; but death, cruel death! ſnatched Athendorus, from the arms of his inconſolable wife. He left her as a pledge of love, a daughter too young as yet to be ſenſible of her misfortune; and for a jointure—a will. Monimia, her head covered with a veil which hardly concealed the exceſs of her grief, holding her daughter in one hand and the will of her departed huſband in the other, was conducted before the aſſembly of the Areopagus, in the preſence of a multitude of citizens, anxious to hear read the will of a philoſopher who had nothing to bequeath. They opened it, and found therein theſe words; "I demiſe to Philocles the deareſt of my friends, my wife and daughter, and deſire him to marry the one, and educate and portion the other." So ſingular a will, a legacy ſo little calculated to enrich the legatee, occaſioned many pointed plea-

ſantries. The Athenians, vivacious and ſatirical, exerciſed that poignant wit ſo peculiar to them, in ridiculing the memory of Athendorus. But their mirth was interrupted by the arrival of Philocles, who, eagerly breaking through the crowd, preſented himſelf before the judges, his temples crowned with flowers and bearing in his hand the cup of libation. O Athenians! cried he, penetrated with grief for the death of Athendorus, I went to his tomb; I ornamented it with thoſe funeral gifts with which we decorate the ſepulchres of thoſe who are immaturely torn from us. In the fullneſs of my ſorrow, proſtrate on the tomb of my friend, I bathed it with my tears, I uttered groans and ſighs; all the faculties of my ſoul ſuſpended: nay, there were ſome moments when I imagined that my ſpirit was going to follow that of him whom I lamented.—

Suddenly, I heard a ſecret voice at the bottom of my heart which ſaid to me; Is it by cries, groans, tears and unavailing ſuperfluous ſorrow, thou meaneſt to honour the aſhes of thy friend? Athendorus was benign, he feared the Gods, avoided the wicked, eſchewed evil and acted uprightly. His virtues have entitled him to the reward deſtined for the juſt. His ſoul at this moment actually enjoys the pureſt pleaſures of Elyſium. And thinkeſt

thinkeſt thou that in thoſe manſions of unclouded bliſs his gentle ſpirit can feel a wiſh to diſturb the quiet of his friend? Doſt thou imagine that he requires thee to follow him into the grave! did he not leave thee ſome duties to fulfil? watch over his diſconſolate widow, be a father to his orphan daughter: cheriſh and love thoſe, who while on earth he cheriſhed and loved. Imitate him and perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues by practiſing them. Thus will thou fulfil the real intentions of Athendorus. Theſe words revived my ſinking ſpirits, I felt myſelf reanimated. Ariſing with precipitation and in a kind of extacy, I carried away the funeral gifts which ſhaded the tomb of Athendorus; I have covered it with flowers, I have repleniſhed my cup with ſparkling wine, I have made the uſual libation. I know, O Athenians, the contents of Athendorus's will, I will obey his laſt commands. Then approaching Monimia and her daughter, and embracing them tenderly, wife of my friend, cried he, thou ſhalt be mine, I have one daughter, the fruit of a former marriage, thy daughter ſhall be reared with her, and I will make no diſtinction between them. I mean not, O Monimia, to endeavour to make you forget your huſband; imprinted on our hearts in characters not to be effaced, we will always preſerve a ſweet and tender remembrance of him.

His

His fidelity to his friends, his tenderneſs to his family, his love for his country, his patience, his courage, ſhall be the conſtant themes of our converſations, and the object of admiration. We will never forget his virtue, we will endeavour to imitate them, and leave them as precedents to thoſe who ſhall ſurvive us. The words of Philocles moved the hearts of the Athenians, who only replied by acclamations. That volatile people, to whom it was only neceſſary to point out the path of rectitude, to engage them to purſue it, heaped praiſes on Philocles, and conducted him to his houſe with every demonſtration of joy. Philocles religiouſly obſerved his promiſe; he married Monimia and made her happy: he ſpared no expence on the education of the daughter of Athendorus; and when ſhe attained her ſixteenth year, he aſſigned her a portion, and left her at liberty in the choice of a huſband.

30 JY 59

A RO-

A ROMAN THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THE people of Rome enraged againſt Auguſtus, on account of certain oppreſſive laws by him impoſed upon them, but more, for having baniſhed Pylades the comedian, were ſo infatuated, that they ſubmitted to the former, for the ſake of obtaining the recall of the latter.

This paſſage is cited by Monteſquieu, on the authority of Dio Caſſius; and, according to what may be collected from the concurring evidence of the ſame author, Xiphilinus his abridger, Saluſt in Vit Auguſti, and Macrobius.

The occaſion of this important incident was as follows: Pylades, full of himſelf, and ſure of a ſtrong party to eſpouſe all he ſaid or did, pointed, contemptuouſly, with his finger from the ſtage, to a citizen who took the liberty of the theatre to hiſs him. This was ſuitably reſented: the audience divided; part declared for the player, part for the citizen. A ſedition enſued; the pretor interpoſed; and on the behalf of the citizen brought the cauſe before Auguſtus. Auguſtus, alſo, taking the ſame ſide, which appeared to be the ſtrongeſt, not only reprimanded Pylades, but, as it ſhould ſeem,

ſeem, reflected on the ſtage itſelf, as having a ſtrong tendency to diſturb, as well as to amuſe the people. Pylades, on the other hand, more ſhrewdly than modeſtly, replied: "'Tis for your intereſt, Cæſar, they ſhould be amuſed any way." Baniſhment enſued. His decree at court only ſerved to increaſe factions, and, conſequently, his importance every where elſe; inſomuch that the city was never at peace, till he was recalled, on the ignominious terms ſpecified above.

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